

The Sorrow of Toronto

WHEREIN A VISITING NURSE AND A WOMAN JOURNALIST FIND BIRTH,
LOVE AND DEATH STALKING, ELEMENTAL AND UNASHAMED,
ON THE CRAZY STAIRS

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Marion Long

IF you want to know a city, to live and move and breathe with it, you won't plan a ten-minute run to a half-hour suburban car each morning. You'll rent a flat skyhigh by the telegraph wires in the above-the-street-side area of some big thoroughfare, where the Eternal Curiosity in you will sit behind its own window curtains, looking on at the endless moving-picture of the mad-deningly human, lovably wayward, unbelievably diversified crowd that rams itself downtown in the morning; that packs home doggedly for its roast beef at 6.30; that drifts by, who knows whither, in the still, snowy hours of the night car, when the citizen with his name on the fly leaf of his prayer book gets ahead of the gas meter.

This crowd, that individually hails from Europe, America, Asia, and the Isles, that succeeds and fails and loves and gets run in, taken collectively spells cityhood and decides whether the street it tramps is going to be the main thoroughfare of the New Jerusalem or a by-path in Sodom. And that is why crowd psychology is above all things a fascination and the window-box psychologizer never gets tired.

Personally, the newspaper lady now testifying has planted her vine-and-figtree in a tomato-can three storeys from the sidewalk, two minutes due north of the Toronto Ward, that district which settles Russian-Jewishly to rest on Friday night, save where an Italian or two wanders serenadewards with his guitar, and a late-toiling Chinaman, sandwiched between Slavs, burns the midnight hydrolight over Mr. Toronto's collars.

The Ward is perhaps the picturesque capital that

flourishes off the sentence of the city's foreign problem, but it isn't the section of greatest destitution,—that comes in the east and the west, among the British born. Nor does it contain the largest number of tacks in the Health Department's tuberculosis map, this distinction belonging to the lodging house district immediately to the south, the same district also carrying off the cup given for the police-blotter record. Grouping these localities into one grey band of poverty and should-be-penitence, let us say that Toronto's problem belt runs from the Junction on the west to East Toronto, a distance of some seven miles, and more or less from College Street to the Bay.

Into this problem belt tumbles the non-Canadian-born who arrives by every train with nothing much in the way of baggage, but a great hope. Some of him has been pushed Dominionwards by the horrors of a Russian pogrom. Some of him was lured from his olive groves because Tony came home and bought out the Count and married his daughter. And some of him, the least desirable, least usable some, has let the steamship companies cajole him into packing up Mrs. Manchester and the 'chesterettes and leaving the land of the socialist and the suffragette for the shore where the soap inside the soapbox is of more importance than the orator on top of it.

The population of the problem belt is approximately two hundred and twenty thousand, or well on toward half the city's half million. This doesn't give a high rate per square mile, the American would say, accustomed as he is to the tenement house and its rabbit-warren tribe. But you must remember that, wisely or un-



"SOMETIMES I TAKE THE DING-DOWN AN' TALK TO HIM," SAID THE INVALID, "AN' SOMETIMES I TALK TO THE CATS"

wisely, Toronto has outlawed the tenement, has audaciously set up the one-family house as its ideal, and has in consequence as a present problem that same one-family domicile packed from cellar to shingles with humanity that

and the Downtown Churches Association, the University Settlement, the Evangelia and Central Neighborhood Houses are preaching a gospel of you-and-me, with broad brotherhood for the hyphens and a cake of soap as well

gaunt poverty had taken bites out of them. They had been swept some time last month.

"Come in, come in," called a welcoming voice as we knocked at the back-basement door. "It ain't often as I have callers."

A little old man stood in the dim light that came from a window half underground. He was frail past caricature, and he had an old pipe in his mouth.

"Asthma and bronchitis, that's me," he whispered with a smile. "Haven't been able to work for three years, but the wife gets a bit now and then. Used to be a stonemason I did, but it's no use thinking of that now."

"Isn't this place bad for your throat?" the visitor asked.

"Sure it is," agreed Mr. Peterson, "but then you see the price is agreeable,—five dollars a month,—and if the bird can stand it I can."

That took the glance past the little old mason to his little old window where a canary like a sliver of sunlight hopped to and fro in a bright gilt cage.

"Sometimes I take him down and talk to him, and sometimes I talk to the cats," said the invalid. "Here you, Tom and Tim, where're you at?"

He and the wife were both over seventy. No, they had no children. Yes, it was just one room, but they hadn't many things. Canadians they



THE FATHER INCREASED HIS INCOME BY DEDUCTING HIS HOUSE-RENT FROM THE SUM RECEIVED FROM HIS SIX SUB-RENTERS

hasn't as yet been educated suburbwards.

The Ward has a two-storey average, a four-storey limit, not by law of course, but by happen-so. It has also frequent lapses into old-time cottagehood. These little buildings are crowded together like chickencoops, "rear" dwellings being of common occurrence on lots, the total depth of which wouldn't exceed fifty feet. Some of these tiny two or three roomed dens house from ten to twenty people, though the east holds the palm with eighteen Bulgarians last winter discovered tenanted a single room whence the Health Department scattered them into others of the 600 unlicensed lodging houses, with which the city tries to contend. In these houses the Department says, there is some 3,000 excess population. But no convictions for overcrowding can at present be had, owing to house-famine. You can't turn the gregarious Greek and the blushless Bulgarian on to Yonge Street, and the jail is already hideously and unhygienically overcrowded.

Into this same poverty-belt the Health Department sends its seventeen nurses and its twenty sanitary inspectors. The Board of Education has in addition thirty-eight school nurses and twenty-one half time doctors, and there are twenty-five other graduates doing settlement work south of College. In the Ward alone, fourteen missions are keeping up the bread-line as well as throwing out the life-line,

as a tract for the armorial bearings.

But we ordinary mortals can't think in thousands, any more than we can spend in millions. Let's go to just one red-brick house, crosslots from the City Hall, and take it as a fair sample of the rest.

The nurse and the reporter pushed open the front door, nearly dislocating a baby buggy. They'd knocked, but the Jew lady who owned the late occupant and his carriage, was too busy washing to bother with doors. The hall was further adorned with an ash-tin and an old bicycle, the joy of Jakey Jew's young heart.

"Let's go to see old Mr. Peterson to begin with," said the nurse. "He's in the rear basement. The front one isn't occupied now, because the Health Department is putting in a drain."

The steps down which we walked cannily were so worn they looked as if



KATHALEEN'S ONE-ROOM HOME IS TENANTED BY MRS. McNAMARA, AND THE LESS SAID ABOUT HER THE BETTER

were, and the only real ones in the house.

"Take a drop? Of course he does," said the nurse. "What'd you expect? Did you notice the tomato-can view he had out of that window,—and nobody but animals to talk to."

The next floor of the house, the ground floor, boasted two carpetless, curtainless, but far from odorless rooms in which the Jew lady lived with her cheerfully increasing progeny. The father kept a wagon for hire, and augmented his earnings by the shrewdly calculated profit resulting when the rent paid the trust company for the whole house was deducted from the sum total received from the six subletters.

"She'll smile at you," said the nurse, "but it's got to stop there, for she doesn't talk English. It won't take the kidlets long, they're such preternaturally intelligent things; but she may never learn."

Past the second storey we climbed, past the padlocks on two doors that told of roomers out earning the rent, and then we struck the third storey stairs.

"For the love of Mike!" gasped the reporter. "They're clean!"

"Yes," said a thin little wisp of a sighing voice, "I asked the Lord for strength to clean 'em and I done it."

On the top step sat an old woman of whom nothing seemed alive but the restless dark eyes. She had her chin on her hand, and the fluff of her grey hair framed a face that might have been any age past the ones you believe in. She wouldn't have weighed a hundred pounds, and as she talked she shook and her voice shook and there wasn't a still thing about her but her indomitable soul.

"Mother of eight I was," she said, when she had recovered sufficient strength from the stairwashing to take us into her tiny dollar a week hole under the eaves. "Five died in one week with black diphtheria and then himself was run over. Yes, Miss, yes. But I come to Canada with two and I was strong. Many's the time down near Port Credit that I'd milk nine cows afore breakfast and the little girl holdin' tight 'round me neck. Then I'd go back and make porridge and work in the fields all day."

"And is she dead?" the visitor asked softly.

The old eyes travelled wearily from the meager room, off somewhere past the slanting wall, through the single little window to the One Thing Left.

"I hope so, Miss," said the mother, who was sixty-eight and looked a hundred. "She went to New York. And I heard she'd died."

There was a boy left, though, and it was partly for his big, bonny sake that the woman married again.

"Good he was to me, good," she crooned, "he'd kiss me'n his step-father goodbye so sure's the mornin' for him to go to work. Then the Boer war come, Miss. He was one of the first to enlist. But he never lived to be sent home. I don't mind just where he died, but he's buried out there. The other baby that was coming died too, and then after all Wilkins died, Miss, and now there's no one but me, a widow eight years."

Death comes, whom she doesn't in the least fear, he may stand for her at the end of her own featherbed, between herself and the bent old stovepipe, "that smokes, Miss, that cruel," the pipe that is to her the pipe of peace because it means home.

We got her talking about the rest of the folk in the house, the folk that hadn't prayed for strength to scrub the stairway and thoughtlessly dirtied it when it was clean. There was the



THE OLD TRAGEDY OF POVERTY AND DRINK. PUZZLING TO WISER HEADS THAN THE CHILDREN'S

"Do you get out much?" the reporter asked, noticing that the window showed tree branches and a patch of sky, but none of the cheerful sidewalk scenes that old folks love.

"No, Miss, I ain't got the strength. I get weak-like in the back. But I've a neighbor as does a bit of buying for me now and then, and the City Nurse, she's an angel of God if there ever was one, she brings me tea and sugar an' the like o' that. Yesterday I scrubbed this floor and to-day I did them stairs like you seen and to-morrow I'll black the stove. The good Lord gives me strength enough for that."

Why doesn't she go to the House of Providence, you ask, and join the five hundred others who have outlived Wilkins and the eight? Because there's just one thing she hasn't outlived in all the round of human possibility and that's the pleasure of dropping inch by inch to her creaking knees and washing up her own floor. She craves above all things that when

young Scot next door to her, another dollar-a-weeker, drunk every night, but a good boy to work when he's on the boats. One night not long ago he brought Mrs. Wilkins a glass of the beer which she hates and dreads. She threw it back at him. But now she's sorry, "for no doubt it was kindly meant and him drunk and all."

On the other side is the old Irish railway crossingman whose two dollars a day puts him blissfully beyond, by eight o'clock each night. Mrs. Wilkins detests him, though she's Irish herself, because he's bad for the Scotch boy and worse still for the mother of "Kathaleen," who owned one of the rooms downstairs.

Kathaleen is four, and Georgie is six, and Fred is eight, and Millie is ten, and God Almighty alone knows how they should be registered. Their mother has had so many names that Mrs. Wilkins can't keep track. A few months ago she got the Reforma-

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I THOUGHT SHE WAS NO END LOVELY
TO LOOK AT

In the Wake of the Titanic

By James Church Alvord

Author of "The Sins of the Mothers," "Men of Labrador," etc.

Illustrated by Ruth Bingham

OUT from the mist of the morning something shaped itself; at first a monotone in the smother of the spindrift, it ramped up from the gray-green sea at last, a bold coast-line with icebergs stranded along its rim. Its basaltic boulders were beaten by the storms of aeons into the rough-hewn battlements of giants. "Why, it's Makkovik Island," breathed a voice at my elbow and I switched around, almost crossly, towards the girl.

A man with a risk on hand has no business bothering with a woman—I had 'em both. The sea had flung her at me. Coming up in my wee chartered steamer, the Curlew, I had steered around the sides of Newfoundland on the Atlantic liner track; for a man with a secret mustn't look secretive. Then, just as the starlight bleached into the dawn, we bumped one night into a mass of floating objects, deck-chairs, stools, half-a-dozen buoyed-up bodies. One of these, encased mummy-like in a thick Arctic sleeping-bag, was a girl—alive. Nothing could have been more inopportune for our adventure.

Cruising around, we waited for day-break, until mighty steamers slamming down the horizon frightened us and we fled, girl and all, through the icebergs towards the north. For two days the young woman lay half-conscious, but on the third told us of the wreck of the Titanic. She was an orphan, had just returned from a hunt-

ing trip in Northern Russia, and didn't worry about delay. That she guessed we had a secret was obvious, that it didn't interest her, even more so. She fraternized heartily with our crew, more a lad than a girl anyhow, handsome too in a frank, violet-eyed sort of way.

"Cross?" she chortled. "Come now, it's going to be sunny for a wonder in this land o' th' weeps; while Makkovik isn't gay there's salmon in her one river. I know the marconi-man over there, and he's civilized. Labrador isn't half so bleak as she's painted."

With red cap thrust back on her golden-brown hair, a scarlet bit of flimsy silkiness fluttering from her throat, she stood gayly out from the grim coast-line, even the icebergs—there were plenty of 'em, God knows,—warming up a bit at her smile. I thawed down to a swift melt, though I didn't intend to show it.

"Cross?" My snarl didn't come off as snappily as it might. "I'm crazy. Fate's beat me to a frazzle. That is Makkovik; you *don't* know the operator there; I must communicate with him; and the only man on board who knows the coast or can run my baby-wave-tosser up yonder, is loony with fever in my cabin—and—and—O, hell! Excuse me, but it is hell."

"Come!" She laid a comradelike hand across my arm. "Trust me! Tell me what you're up to. If it's honest, I'm yours heart and brain; if it isn't—I'll—I'll remember what I owe you. That's—everything." She puckered up her brows whimsically, but her lip corners drew down.

I was twenty-three years old—she was no end lovely to look at—I should have left her at some fishing-village long ago—perhaps I'm a bit of a fool—I told her.

There'd been a ball-up over father's marriage. He'd been wived and divorced before; so that in Boston, where we'd lived since our birth, he was married; in Canada, where he held his citizenship, he wasn't—to

mother. He'd put his fortune into a fur-trip up Labrador-way, spent six breathless years in that fog-decorated wilderness, returned laden with skins, immensely rich for us, reached Makkovik Island—and died. After two years Rolly and I had grown weary of the laws' delays, of being called illegitimate, and had come up to grab our furs. Once back in the United States they'd be ours. Roland was on Makkovik as the wireless man, had held down the job for a month. I must tell him I'd arrived and I couldn't. "It isn't exactly honest—"

"Honest?" snorted I. "I guess he was my dad, and Rolly's; and there isn't a guy nearer'n second and third cousins grabbin' at 'em up here; one of those seconds is private secretary to the Premier—what do you know about that? Rolly's occupying the marconi-station hasn't a thing on it for pulling wires behind the throne."

Her comic wrinkles came and went, quick as a conjuror's magic bunch of roses. She laughed frankly out into the sunshine.

"I can marconi," she confessed.

"The devil," bawled I—and apologized.

I landed behind the Esquimaux village, while the gawky things dawdled out of their huts to gape at me, not a spark of intelligence flitting across their faces. They didn't even know enough to tell. I crawled up to the peak of the ridge, gingerly, slipping more than once into quagmires beneath the quaking sphagnum moss, jeering at myself over every soaking. I was green at the business. At last I peeked over.

Below stretched the island, covered with a thin pessimistic vegetation, mostly moss and ferns with a scattering of wan blossoms; in the ravines a few disgruntled trees huddled from the blasts, the highest not two feet tall though houghed and wizened with age; a few rods down the hill quivered the towering pole of the station beside its grim granite hut; further off by the harbor a barracks stretched its white length, the storage of the furs.

Before this building a soldier paced back and forth, humming gayly to himself as the sunlight sifted through the fog and the great bergs began to sparkle and dazzle with the day, a blythe bold lad. Just in the jaws of the harbor a slim grayish craft rose and fell on the surge. Guns bristling along her sides, her nose heavy with its ice-smasher, she lay low on the tide, a few white-clad forms bustling about her here and there, a wireless web of wires twanging to the breeze amid her masts. She was our enemy, the policeman of these rude coasts.

Startlingly clear in the stillness an alarm clock, a cheap dollar affair, burr-r-ed out its cry to wake and work. Immediately Rolly, very visible in his pink pajamas, appeared at the window, yawning and stretching himself. It was seven o'clock and the thirtieth of July. We'd agreed, Rolly and I, that on the last three days of July he'd listen ten minutes, on the strike of every hour, from eight in the morning to midnight. I scurried back.

Marcia Lane could marconigraph—it wasn't brag.

Whirling into the stool with an adorable little air of business, she tossed off her girlishness for a boy's absorption in his task, dropped her hand across the switch like any old timer, revolved its shimmering edge along the contact points, and puckered up her forehead to listen intently at the buzzers over her ears. In a moment she flashed her eyes into mine, shaking a merry head; nobody was calling. She flung herself into the game, a high-school boy with a new prank on the principal couldn't have grinned over it more rapturously—it was all fun to her. I smiled back bitterly, for to me it was business; the honor of my mother's name clamored that I obtain my inheritance lawfully or unlawfully.

The girl grabbed the antennae; slowly her slim hand ridged with set muscles felt with the rheostat from one contact to another, her fingers quivered over the keys. A moment later she was howling through space her breathless call for succor.

"S. O. S.," she wailed, "S. O. S.," reversed and waited.

Five minutes afterwards she reached up and clasped the receivers around my head; they droned like gnats on an August noon.

"Your brother's taken it up," chuckled the girl. "He's bawling 'S. O. S.' in a way to make this little tuning-fork ashamed of itself. He'll fool 'em to the top of the Arctic Circle—whew!" She snatched the whirring tubes from my ears.

"They're responding," she whispered as though somebody might hear, "beginning to suggest other boats. There

aren't any others; they'll have to go themselves. Gee, he's telling 'em he's struck an iceberg thirty miles north—can't hold out more'n five hours longer—that he's the Virginia Lake—the Virginia Lake runs 'way up, you know—ah-h-h!" She began to beat out a tune on the floor with impatient feet. After the first line I recognized the song, it was "Tramp—tramp—tramp." When she started in again it was with a quotation from its wild hurrah.

"They're at it—marching. We'll be, too, in an hour's time. He's a clever young scamp—the brother!"

"He's not a scamp," stormed I. "Those furs——"

She shook a solemn head and was all business in a jiffy. "Now he's sent the Vampire on her fool-errand, it's time to slam things. I know this island well, our hunting party was marooned on it last summer for five weeks, and there's a gully through which a hundred men could ambush up to the back door of that storage shack; I'll take the boys there, while you rush the brother. Skip!" She danced up and down with excitement, the lad of a girl.

Within the hour a blubbing toot echoing down the harbor-bluffs announced that the Vampire had started to rescue that mythical shipwreck, thirty miles north. A salute of popping muskets followed and we stilled down to work; for the only real danger had lain in the possibility that the operator on the Virginia Lake might intercept his own supposed howl for help and tell the truth. Evidently Rolly had the fellow fixed. He's

sharp—Rolly. That's why he had come to Makkovik; for I'm direct, blunt, none too secretive. Rolly would never have told Marcia. I had. Allowing time for a clean get-away we landed, the girl smuggling her thirty men down the ravine, I creeping through the sloppy sphagnum towards the station. The sentry had changed his rag-time ballad to a shrill whistle concerning some objectionable individual who'd kicked his dawg aroun'.

Rolly loitered to the storage, jollied out a couple more soldiers, joined the refrain with sung words—the set signal—and we rushed the regiment of six. All the rest of that day we packed and dumped and stowed away. By six the furs were stored, the barn of a building empty, as without toot of whistle we stole down the bay. From the shore those desolate boys in khaki waved us a none-too-cordial farewell; behind, a group of greasy-skinned natives gaped and grinned, not yet realizing what we were about. At the end of a week dim glimmerings might penetrate their fat intelligences. We had saved our inheritance.

Trippingly Rolly and I, with the girl between us, danced a mad fandango on the deck, while my sailors whistled an accompaniment. Marcia had never looked so charming as in this hour of abandon and I—well—I—to be frank—I wished Rolly a shade less splendid in his dark, romantic way. I'm tow-headed and big-nosed. Rolly was forever joshing me about it.

"You and I don't look a bit alike. Rob," he'd mock, rolling his handsome eyes mischievously, "if we are twins. I'm handsome and you're not, decidedly



so, decidedly not." It wouldn't have cut so deuced deep if it hadn't been so deuced true.

All that night, under a serene sky, we coasted the black headlands, running an even eight knots and making a fuss about it worthy of a better speed. Through the next day's pallid glory we ran, without sign of pursuit, past mimic castle and lonesome island, through screeching flocks of sea-birds, past huge rivers which flung themselves bodily over the escarpment, smashing down into the surge. The next day—the next—the next, we sailed on into the dim ocean. At times gaunt villages on the shore peopled their wharfs, once a church-bell tolled out in warning of our arrival, always the icebergs glittered everywhere with translucent greens and blues and flashes of rose. On the afternoon of the fifth day the fog swept in, a real Labrador affair, soaking as a shower-bath, penetrating, chilled by the ice-laden air. In great-coat and sweater I shivered on the bridge. The voices of Marcia and Rolly chattered up from an open port-hole.

Out from the haze a voice hailed us. "Have ye seen th' Vampire, Cap'n?" it clamored anxiously.

From my perch, looking into the dirty smack, I recognized an "egger," those pirates of the Newfoundland straits. Drifting about these islands, they land, smash every sea-bird's egg discoverable, then return in a week to grab all the fresh laying of the undiscouraged fowls. Even the Newfoundland government, careless as it is of its wealth, keeps this police boat to deal with such lawless vagabonds.

"No," shouted I gruffly, for I liked their business none too well, "She's somewhere up along."

The voice cried thanks and was lost as we, slowing down speed, limped through the darkening day. Less than an hour later, a murmur rather than a sound, there floated to us the "boom—boom—boom," of a cannon bawling, "Halt!"

We were followed.

The eggers would delay that Vampire no more than forty minutes. Through the wool-pack we rushed, at our reckless eight knots, while our engineer cursed the engine and the engine cursed the coal. It was half-clay, every spoonful of it. The shore became a blur on the vapour, the sea invisible beyond the first two rods, the churn of the water at our prow a dim uncertainty. Around us the only sound was the panting of our engine, the dive of our nose through the waves. I didn't know the coast—Rolly didn't. The voices of the merry couple below had ceased their laughter, though the girl was speaking in hurried anxious

tones, urging something on Rolly which he repulsed with a boy's lordly brag.

Then out from the silence came the clang of a bell, a warning for fisher folk to be up and to aid. The only bell around was on the church-tower at Chateau. The Vampire was searching her commodious harbor for us; but the clangor was near. So was the Vampire.

A scurry of pattering feet skipped up to my nest, a girl's face peeked around the canvas spread, a voice whispered imperatively. "We must attempt the tickle at Henly Harbor; it's our one hope, for we'll wreck out here. Can you do the trick? The Vampire's sneaked to shelter, see?"

I glowered at her through the slather of the fog. "Then it's poverty and prison for mine," I growled. "Well, I came up prepared to swallow my medicine and ask no questions for the plunder's sake."

"I know Henly Harbor," declared this wonder of a girl. "Port, hard-a-port," she commanded at the man below. But she called her orders softly, picking a cautious way through the fog, slowing down to the danger limit, peering through the opaqueness of the gloom. White ghosts loomed up on either side of the Curlew, or poked out of the obscurity ahead; then her voice rang with a smothered sharpness; but generally we jogged—jogged—jogged, with a laziness well-nigh intolerable to my thrilling nerves. When the down-swooping darkness all about assured us that day was closing in at last, suddenly something big and black, a gargantuan cliff, stood up beside us and we prepared to anchor. The girl had carried us through that tortuous tickle without a bump.

"Gee, you've the eyes of a cat," I chuckled.

"I know the place," she answered simply and started to run us over to the further outlet of the Harbor, a queer side-backing bung-hole of an escape, requiring the skilled tactics of a country horse on a mountain road; but that pass was blocked by a stranded berg, swinging in the rip of the tide. Marcia gave a gasp.

"We've foes before and foes behind," she jeered with her plucky boy's soul a-thrill with determination.

Rolly loafed up to the bridge, his hands stuck deep into his pockets, his head tossed back in his superior way. He is irritating at times.

"Pretty well for a girl," he applauded patronizingly.

Her violet eyes snapped, as I'd never suspected they could, her cheeks flushed scarlet. "Girl, or no girl," she stormed, "'twas something you couldn't do, Mr. Director-of-the-Universe." In a moment she was her own jolly self.

"You did a man's job," cried I, "you're a hustler." At that she blazed, looking Rolly deep into the eyes with a mad young triumph.

Gradually a noise entered and suffused the harbor; the puff of an engine, the quaver of water around a splurging prow, then the shout of men's voices, neither hushed nor abashed, then the glare of a line of lights whose shimmer penetrated the haze. Then with rattle of chain and bawl of gruff orders, the Vampire took her position directly across the mouth of that narrow inlet; her officers, evidently unsuspecting of our presence, had hemmed us in between the iceberg, huge and solid, and the corked up bottle-mouth of their tickle. We sat disconsolately, the whole gang, waiting for day and discovery. Even Marcia failed to smile beneath the flicker of a lantern hung up on the far side of our ship from theirs.

As the night wore on the tide swept in, beaten by a following wind, until the gaunt bluffs in front of us grumbled through the darkness. The spray from the slash of the waters over the berg slathered across my face every time I poked my nose around the door-post, while the monstrous mountain of ice lifted, rattled, grated against the bottom of the harbor. A lessening blackness, at last, began to hint at dawn, not real light, only a foreboding of morning in which we could discern the white fury of the breakers, the phantasm of an iceberg, the dim smudge of the near-by ship. Silently we three stepped out into the cold crepuscule of the daybreak, while the wind swept the mist inland, ghostly, tossing banners.

Then something happened.

As the tide had risen the croaks of that swung berg, thumped and thrashed by the inroaring flood, had intensified, the mass even seemed to move, imperceptibly almost, a quarter-inch at a jump. But, as we watched, hopelessly dawdling, a mighty comber, a mass of black water on an inky sea, strewn with white wreaths as the escarpment cut its surface on either side, swept thunderously through that crooked inlet. The berg lifted with a groan, staggered at its moorings, and toppled over. For a second it hung suspended; then, as clever as some prize diver, turned a summersault in the brine. As it went brawling over in a slather of spume, a howl of mad waves, another sound, sharp and distinct as the crack of a battery, shrieked through the morning and the monster split into three hulks, each rising instantly nearer towards the surface. They hesitated, freed from the rock-bed beneath, then each in turn was gripped by the impetus of the flood

and went pirouetting off into the harbor. A milky-way of shattered ice strewn the ocean, then it also danced away into the depths of the bay.

A morose voice shouted from the half-seen Vampire, "What's that everlasting racket out there?"

A joyous Irish voice answered, soothingly as a mother coddling over her child, "Sure an' it's wan o' thim icebergs a-breakin' up."

"Is that all—the deuce of a row," snapped the first.

"Aye, aye—that's all," comforted the second.

Leaning against the pilot house Marcia gave her orders in a whisper as we stole out into the opalescence of the dawn, free from that trap at least, the noise of our going smothered in the smash of the breakers.

All that morning we steamed sturdily ahead. Our start at three had given us an immense handicap over a craft which made two knots to our one; but at noon Marcia called a council. We must hide, was the verdict. Bowling along through the sunny day for half-an-hour more we passed no hamlets, not even a fishing smack; then the girl pointed us blank at the solid seawall, reddish-brown of color, pillared like the palisades of the Hudson, crackless. But, as we drew nearer, the escarpment dragged apart like some theatre-curtain, until the flash and rumble of a waterfall inside proclaimed a harbor, a screen of rocks about a tiny pool of ocean water at the foot of a cascade. Our pot-bellied craft just wedged itself into the turbulent pool, cast anchor, drew the fires, and lay silent. Marcia, Rolly, and I, with a dozen others, clambered to the top of the headland and lay on the cushioning moss, as pale-faced as gamblers around a faro-table. This was our gamble. Even Marcia breathed in gasps.

At half-past-three a trail of smoke along the horizon ushered in another actor to our theatre-scene. Slowly she budged up, masts and marconi, then smokestack, then indistinguishable body painted the gray-green of the sea. Driven at full speed, rocking on the pitch of the waves, the slim creature swept by, nose-down in the chase, steering on towards the coast of Maine and our supposed escape. Silent, magnificent, speckled with spidery forms of humans, she passed the crack in our cliff and, hull first, then smoke stack, then masts and marconi, faded as a dull smudge off from the sky-line.

"Pretty well for a girl," triumphed Rolly, but this time his voice was hot with admiration. The boyish face incarnadined with pleasure.

"You think so?" said she demurely.

"Oh, I'm converted all right," he laughed.

She glanced at me, raising her inquiring brows at my silent observation.

"You're a topper," declared I; but she turned to meet my eyes soberly and her own asked some question I couldn't unriddle. She did not smile; at first that hurt and then, strangely, made me very glad.

A slithering rain welcomed us into Lubec harbor six days later. It had been drizzle and downpour all the way; so that seemed natural and, considering what awaited us, only too welcome as we poked a cautious nose along the coast of Campo Bello, tremulous with the sight of the desired goal.

There lay the Vampire, at the end of the island, just beside the boundaries she might not cross. An ashen snake, heavy snout turned towards our coming, she snooped over the ocean, venomous, determined; but she didn't scent us soon enough by a good quarter of an hour. It may have been the sputter of that drenching; or the American flag we unlawfully flew; or that she'd obtained no exact description of us; or that we were just ornery-looking; anyhow we were close to the

boundary line before she leapt to action. Her first spluttering shot spit across our prow, kicked up a splash diving through a wave, kicked up another, and was gone. We looked into each others' eyes, we three, with faces as dismal as the drip-drip of the storm.

"We're all down and out now," squawked Rolly.

I groaned and turned to see how Marcia took this licking. She wasn't taking it but had glued her glances on some bulky phantom emerging from the dimness; in a moment we all saw it, a mighty ship, painted white, plunging across the harbor towards Lubec. It was the Boston steamer making port.

"Oh," cheered the girl and clapped her hands, "she'll save us, she will—she will!"

Into the marconi-room she tore, Rolly and I at her skirts, and in an instant her "S. O. S." purred through the air. Twice she called; reversed and listened.

(Continued on page 216.)

HER FACE BECAME ALL ONE
PUZZLE AT MY WORDS, AND
THEN SUDDENLY SHE UNDER-
STOOD AND WAS GIRLISH
AND BLUSHING AND EX-
CEEDINGLY SWEET TO LOOK
UPON



The King's Highway

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF THE CANADIAN HIGHWAYS ASSOCIATION, AND THE GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT IN THE WEST

By P. W. Luce

Illustrated from Photographs

THE diamond-shaped board of the Pacific Highway marks an established thoroughfare north and south along America's western border for more than two thousand miles, and a mapped road stretching over four thousand miles more. The motorist who swings his car out of Vancouver, and heads it south, may travel, the gods of good luck and gasoline permitting, to Tia Juana on the Mexican border without a break, and some day may pause only at Cape Horn.

Those who see visions prophesy a like highway east and west across the Dominion—a hard any-weather road with the Pacific lapping at its western end and the fogs of Halifax misting it on the east,—a huge artery throbbing with a stream of traffic along its four thousand miles, and feeding countless veins of provincial roads not only connecting our cities, but drawing farm up to farm, linking farm to railway, and establishing a gigantic system of inter-communication that will make alike for education, for commerce, and for development.

A country is no more advanced than its highways. The casual observer may have the vague idea that where a country is so traversed by railways as Canada, roads become a less important matter. On the contrary, they are vastly more important. Bad roads interfere with the march of business. The interference is seen in an irregular distribution of food products for instance—and a nation keeps up and at it by feeding, just as an army travels on its stomach. The result is that some consumers must go without accustomed articles, while other consumers must perforce pay higher prices. The farmer suffers loss because he cannot get the products of his labor to market. The retailer loses his usual profit because he does not have the stuff to sell. The railways and railway employees suffer. In the rush to move crops every year the railways are driven to desperation.

For a few weeks the companies are called upon to furnish more cars than they can possibly mass at the necessary points. They are required to produce from their hip pockets enough locomotives to haul these cars—for a few weeks—and as far as the farmer is concerned, the locomotives and rolling stock may lie idle the rest of the

year so long as he gets his wheat moved when he wants it. Trainmen are called upon to do double stunts. Too much strain of this kind is responsible, often, for trains piling up in the ditch. And right in the middle of this tug and strain the bottom drops out of the country roads, and the railways are left with more cars and more men than they can use. Instead of a regular and even movement of freight, it is irregular and spasmodic, which makes an increased cost of operation and maintenance, and a necessarily higher rate of transportation.

Mr. F. A. Delano, president of the Wabash railroad, put this aspect of the case succinctly in a bulletin of the Farmers' Good Roads League.

"You have no idea to what extent bad roads affect railway traffic. We notice the fluctuations of business from week to week. The falling off due to bad roads is often as high as fifty per cent. of the business received at country stations. In the rush of the crop moving season the railways are generally so swamped with business that an adequate equipment and prompt service is difficult, if not impossible."

This, mind you, in an old, settled country largely devoted to mixed farming—Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Ohio, Michigan. How much truer it is in our own west, where wheat is still the chief crop, supplemented by other grains that are ready for market at practically the same time.

Uniformly good roads over the country would prolong the crop moving season, thereby not only relieving the traffic congestion, but the financial situation as well. With good roads and equalization of the traffic, the railways could furnish better facilities to their patrons with ten to twenty per cent. less car equipment than at present.

Bad roads make bad business all around. The wholesaler depends on the country trade for business. The country retail dealer depends on the farmer. We are never to forget that the farmer is the backbone of the country—write that on the tablet of your memory. The farmer is still the backbone of the country, and always will be. With bad roads he cannot bring his stuff to town, or come to market to buy. He skimps until he can get to town. He doesn't grow any more crop than he can haul to market. It all comes to the point that the farmer buys less—the



THE OLD VALE ROAD

Built in the early days of British Columbia for the goldseekers, and now an important part of the highway through the mountains from Calgary to the Pacific

retailer sells less—the wholesaler does less business—and the anxious city housewife wonders why eggs go soaring to forty-two cents a dozen. There isn't an interest in the whole country that is untouched by this condition.

Let us look for a minute at some interesting figures on traffic collected by the Illinois Highway Commission, as to the effect of road conditions on highway traffic. Observations were made at seventy-two well distributed points in the state, and the actual number of vehicles passing upon given days was recorded. Travel over hard—that is, "made"—roads was fairly uniform during the entire year. But travel on earth roads during bad weather was notably restricted.

The Clear Lake earth road leading into Springfield, the state capital, showed an average traffic of 65½ vehicles per day in March. In June and July, the average was 389 vehicles per day. Something of a difference! At Peoria on corresponding days, the traffic over the "made" road showed in March an average traffic of 166 vehicles and an average traffic in June and July of 153. In other words, at the season when earth roads were a wallow of greasy clay, the made road was in good condition and drew an even greater amount of traffic than in summer when the earth roads were travelable. At Champaign, observations on the Tolono earth road showed an average for January, February and March of 63 vehicles as against 200 in September and October. The count at Decatur over a gravel road was 240 in March and April, and 278 in July and August. Tab kept on the earth road at Sullivan for January, February and March gave 54 vehicles, and for August and September 316. At Elgin on a hard road the count showed 166 in March and an average in July and August of 164. When the count was taken at Effingham, the earth road showed 109 for March and April, and 399 for August and September. A Centralia earth road showed 28 in March and 187 in June.

Now Illinois isn't peculiar in its problems. Much the same conditions confront the Ontario or Manitoba farmer that confront the man of the corn belt. It is a general fact that people won't travel bad roads any more than is absolutely necessary, and it's a corollary of that proposition that in a country of good roads farmers live better, dress better, go out more, buy more, own more automobiles and use them more, have a higher average of education, and are better spenders. Good roads mean more inter-communication; and more inter-communication means a more intelligent and prosperous community.

Let us quote from a speech made



ON THE PACIFIC HIGHWAY
Notice the signpost, erected by the Westminster Automobile Club, with
salmon and automobile wheel crest

last year by W. A. McLean, chief engineer of highways for the province of Ontario.

"The creation of a thorough and efficient system of highway construction and maintenance is a task which in the Canadian Province is being actively considered and dealt with. While some satisfactory progress has been made, measures of the present time are those of the formative stage. Evolution rather than revolution has been the history of legislation for good roads in Canada. . . . Under the British North American Act, legislation regarding public roads and municipal organizations is within the authority of the Provinces, although the Dominion Government has power to subsidize road construction. Up to the present time, Canadian road systems have been without enormous governmental appropriations, and construction has been of a comparatively inexpensive type. Canada has sought to build as substantially as necessary for present requirements and to establish a policy of maintenance that will thicken and widen the road crust as travel requires."

This policy is one, he points out further, that will steadily increase the road mileage of the country, without piling up any vast debts for the future generations to pay off.

Thus the matter of good roads while it may be fostered, subsidized and encouraged by the Dominion Government, is really "up to" the provinces. Let us look for a moment at what they have done.

In the ten years ending with December, 1911, the province of British Columbia has spent some \$15,000,000 on roads and bridges, and in the three years of 1912-13-14 the expenditure of an equal amount is outlined. A special fund for the construction of trunk roads is being spent at the rate

of \$5,000,000 annually, under the Department of Public Works.

Saskatchewan and Alberta, while they have to deal with no such problem of mountain and forest and turbulent stream as our Pacific province, have a bigger volume of traffic for which to care. Each province has a provincial highway department, and each is drawing largely on its resources for road expenditures. In Saskatchewan a special appropriation of \$5,000,000 for trunk roads was set aside by the legislature in 1912, of which \$1,500,000 was to be spent in 1912-13, in addition to the usual appropriation of \$400,000 from current revenue. In the same year Alberta made a special grant of \$1,000,000 for the construction of a trunk road from north to south, in addition to the usual sum of \$250,000 from current revenue.

Manitoba has a provincial highway commissioner, whose duties are largely educational. In 1912 it set aside \$2,000,000 annually for provincial roads.

The municipalities of Old Ontario are spending yearly about 1,100,000 days of statute labor, and \$1,400,000 in cash on roads. In New Ontario the provincial government spent in 1912 about \$850,000 on colonization roads and \$250,000 for bridges. Quebec is active in good roads work. New Brunswick has an appropriation set aside for highways. Nova Scotia is actively engaged in road construction and improvement. Prince Edward Island is the least progressive, and has even recently prohibited the operation of automobiles

Continued on page 211.



THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," etc.

Illustrated By
Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day.

CHAPTER IV.

"He isn't very sumptuously lodged," reflected Denzil as he followed a servant along the corridor. She knocked at a door and left him, without a word. "Come in!" cried an English voice in response to the knock.

The room was a long one, well-lighted, bare-floored except for a few rugs here and there. A grand piano stood in its centre, and with a writing table and two or three deep armchairs completed the furnishings. Over the mantel-shelf hung a painting of a woman of middle age, yellow-haired, blue-eyed and with a look both repressed and sad. Beside this stood some little terra-cotta statuettes, and in one corner of the room was a marble bust, evidently of the same woman and giving in its rigidity even a greater impression of suffering. A number of flowering plants gleamed in the morning sun; and in one of the deep armchairs Robert Sinclair's golden head shone in the sunlight too. He did not look up, as Denzil entered, but spoke in a level, business-like voice.

"You're late."

"I think not," responded Denzil, with some amusement. Instantly Sinclair rose.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized. "I expected the fencing-man."

Denzil laughed aloud. "I'll not fence with you, Bob," he said gaily, and at his laughter, Sinclair knew him.

"Denzil! by George!" he exclaimed, with both hands quickly out. "My dear fellow! It is you, isn't it? You haven't altered in the least."

"I can say that of you with truth," Denzil smiled. "You are only more so."

"I thought I saw you in that box last night—but then I have thought more than once that I had found you again, and decided it was only fancy. It was a tremendously pretty girl you had beside you."

"The most beautiful girl in the world," said Denzil soberly.

"So?" Sinclair raised his eyebrows with a foreign air. "You've found her already?"

"Yes, I have found her already. But she is only the woman I love, not the woman who loves me."

Sinclair smiled. Women had always been easy for him. His handsome head and well-knit figure attracted them; the romance of his profession added glamour. But, even if he had been a bricklayer, he would have drawn them to him, for he had that indefinable charm of personality which atones with a smile for many wrongs, and paying lightly for friendship, reckons it lightly worth.

"That will come," he said easily.

"Only don't let her be too sure of you, and you can commit any other crime in the calendar. No woman who knew you could refuse to adore you, Denzil."

The little man shook his head.

"Plenty of them have—or at least they have been amazingly capable of concealing a hopeless passion. If I were a head taller—"

"Bosh!" said Sinclair.

"They must have loved you," said Denzil reflectively. "I always did

when I was a youngster in Rome. Lord! how splendid I thought you! When I saw you last night on the stage it occurred to me to remember that old hero-worship, and it seemed not unfitting that I should find you glittering in armour."

"And strutting about a stage," added Sinclair with a laugh. "Denzil did I do well?"

"Splendidly. I thought the same of you last night that I used to think in Rome."

"That goes to a mummer's heart," rejoined Sinclair. "But tell me what has happened to you in all these years."

"There is nothing to tell. They sent me to Eton where I did a little rowing. Then they sent me to Oxford, where I did less. Since then, I have just gone about doing nothing and being very busy about it. My great-grandfather did everything to the estate that could be done, and all I have to look after is keeping the hedges trimmed and the woods cleared out, and the kitchen-garden growing; and the head-gardener knows vastly more about all that than I do. My father, you know, died."

"But you have your mother?"

"Yes. She will be delighted to know I have found you again. You must come to see her."

But Sinclair was looking off into the vista of the bright street with sober eyes. "She died just before I made my first success," he said. "That's the one thing I can't square up in life. It would have made her so happy."

"Tell me what happened that made

you leave us so suddenly," said Denzil. "We missed you sorely, and never knew why you went away."

The singer's face darkened.

"Did you know anything about us?" he asked.

"Nothing for certain. But I had an idea that your father was—difficult."

"He was. He was more than that. He made life impossible for my mother, and the very day I saw you last my mother cut free from him. She ought to have done it long before. She was the breadwinner and the backbone of the family."

He paused for a moment, remembering the days in the Roman garret.

"He beat me, that day, and lamed me. That night we went to Florence together, mother and I. We lived there, and she earned money by modelling. Till the day of her death she sent my father money."

"That is a good portrait of her," said Denzil, looking at the painting above the mantel. "I remember her so well—her fair hair and slender hands so bright in contrast to her dark blouse, and her smile."

"It was done by one of the fellows in Florence. At least I've that to remember her by. Well—when I was sixteen we went to Milan, and I worked at voice—I always could sing, you know."

Denzil nodded, his eyes bright.

"We were very happy together. I think it was the only happy time in her life. She used to glory in my little tuppence-ha'penny student triumphs, and I grew more and more immersed in my work. I didn't realize how frail she was growing. I was to sing first at La Scala, and one night I came home to her with the news that I had a part there." He broke off, his forehead knotted with pain; and then continued with an effort. "We talked late about it. She was to sit quite in front and was to look at me to give me courage—it's nervous work at first, you know—and then we talked of my costume. When I sent her to bed at last I said that I was a brute to keep her talking so late, and she said—I've never forgotten her voice or her look as she said it—'It's been splendid! I have never been so happy since the day your father told me he loved me.' And I kissed her—and next morning when I went into her room she was dead. Denzil, I thought I should never sing again."

He went over to the piano, and sitting down struck a few aimless chords. Denzil said nothing. In the moments of strong feeling there is never anything to say. But Sinclair was not the sort to give way to emotion for more than a moment.

"Oh, I had to come out, of course, and I succeeded. That's all old stuff."

now. This year I came to England, and Denzil—" he turned around with a boy's eyes suddenly laughing out of his handsome face—"do you know what I want most to do? I want most awfully to go to Lord's and have a rattling good game of cricket."

"That's easy," laughed Denzil, glad of the released tension. "Come with me—but I suppose you've loads of friends, already."

"Not friends—invitations to dinners and requests that I sing for Lady Thingumbob's tea-fight—look at 'em! What would you do if you had all those?"

"I should throw them in the fire," decided Denzil, for the pile indeed seemed formidable.

"I do the society lion to the king's taste," declared Sinclair. "I roar as gently as any sucking dove, and the honorable Misses and Lady Maudes and young matrons all either tell me how wonderful I must feel when I sing so magnificently, or take the sporty tack and ask me if I don't find singin' a rotten bore? Probably I'll meet your peerless she some day."

"The peerless she is already quite interested in you," said Denzil simply. "At least she was much interested when I told her I thought I knew you."

That doesn't necessarily imply that she would care to meet me."

"She would be very foolish if she didn't find you interesting—and she isn't foolish."



DENZIL: "BY GEORGE!" HE EXCLAIMED, JUMPING UP. "MY DEAR PEERLESS SHE! IT IS YOU, ISN'T IT?"

"Probably she wouldn't care about the real Sinclair at all," disclaimed Robert. "The stage hero, all glitter and tin armour and tenor, is what most of them expect. Poor, silly little souls! They don't mean an ounce of harm, but they do write such foolish letters. Once in awhile, too, among the grass-hoppers you find a serpent."

"Miss Monro is not the letter-writing sort."

"No, she doesn't look like it. That is why I doubted her interest in meeting a singer."

"Her mother would like to know a fashionable singer at least. And, though I cannot answer for her, I think she would like to know you. Her father is quite delightful—a western man. And that reminds me, Bob—chuck the fencing master, and come along with me to see my mother. No, you needn't dress. Come just as you are and lunch with us."

"I have half a mind to do it," said Sinclair, rising.

"Have a whole mind, and come along."

"All right. Wait a second till I change my coat."

"You don't have a valet?"

"No. Can't be bothered with one. I have enough of that sort of thing at the theatre."

They emerged into Oxford Street, which was full of people, and walked across the park. Robert was simple and boyish, and just now very much in love with life, with the movement and color of London, and with the success that had come to him.

Lady Merton greeted him like a son, and instantly they fell into eager talk of Robert's experiences since their parting. Not once did he touch on the graver mood that Denzil had seen, but laughed and chatted and told funny experiences of his student days that amused Lady Merton vastly. The frolics, the laughter, the gaiety of the young singers in Milan and Florence, the midnight lunches and the morning escapades he recounted with a fresh and vivid touch; the triumphs and despairs, the garrets and the theatres he put before her English eyes until she wiped the tears of laughter from them and vowed that if she were thirty years younger she, too, would have an art to die for. There was a good deal of the actor about Sinclair, he had a sense of the dramatic situation. Before he said good-bye, he had established himself as an adopted member of the family. This greatly to his content, for under his bright and confident manner he was lonely.

That night Denzil Merton sat out a dance with Valerie. Sensitive on the subject of his height, he would never dance, but he always claimed one from

her and spent it in watching the play of her charming face as she talked to him. To-night she began at once, "Well, did you go and call on the tenor?"

Denzil hardly knew why he disliked hearing Sinclair called "the tenor," but he answered readily enough, "Yes, it was my friend."

"I can see that you are glad," she told him. "You look as if you had found a friend."

"He is the same—handsome and open as the day. You would like him."

"I?" said Valerie, with lifted brows.

"Why not? He wants to meet you."

"What does he know about me?" she asked, but the color crept up under her throat. So he, too, had looked at her.

"He saw you in the box, and thought you beautiful—you know he has eyes like the rest of us."

"So you talked of me." She took the side issue instinctively.

"Are you displeased?"

"One does not like to be made the subject of idle talk," she reproved gently.

"Did you think I would talk idly of you?"

"N-no!" She hesitated for an instant, and then spoke honestly. "I didn't think so. I knew you respected me too much."

"You are quite right," he answered, a note of sadness in his voice. Was respect all she thought he had for her? "I could not keep you out of my talk with him—I cannot keep you out of my thoughts. I wish I could."

"Why?" she said softly.

He did not answer, but turned his brown eyes towards hers with the look that sometimes you may see in the eyes of a beautiful, high-bred dog who loves you and wishes dumbly for the gift of speech. The plain little face was very sad, and Valerie's eyes fell.

"Can't we be—friends?" she murmured.

"No—at least I can't," he told her, simply.

"Then wouldn't it be better if you didn't keep on seeing me? I hate to hurt you—Denzil."

"No," he returned. "I can't go on without seeing you sometimes. If it hurts me to be with you, it would hurt me a great deal more to go without you. I want to know that you are happy and safe, besides. I want you to feel that if ever you need a man's love and devotion, I am here. There is nothing I would not do for you—nothing."

"I know it," she said softly. "I wish I could give you the answer you want. Indeed—" she hesitated, and then, taking her courage in both hands, went on,—"I have sometimes thought that I might sometime say to you to

take me and make the best of a woman who does not love you."

The ugly face was transfigured. "Valerie!" he breathed. "You have felt like that? I didn't dream you ever thought of me at all. If—if that day ever comes, my dear, everything I have is at your feet."

"I know that, too," she said softly. "But it isn't quite fair to either of us I think. Perhaps you will find somebody else some day—no, no, don't look like that. Women are wiser than men in these things, I think, and know that love isn't always for time and eternity. I hope you will find someone else, who loves you, Denzil."

"I can't say that to you yet, Valerie," he answered, his voice roughened and a queer, strained look about his eyes. "I'm only human, you know."

She rose, and held out her hand. "Come," she said, "I ought to be dancing. Take me back."

Mrs. Monro formed one of a rather befeathered and begemmed group in the drawing-room. She pounced upon Denzil delightedly.

"Lord Merton!" she cried, "I am consumed with curiosity. Is that wonderful tenor really your friend?"

"He is," agreed Denzil briefly.

"You must bring him to see us. I am so anxious to meet him," Mrs. Monro could not bear the thought of being outstripped by anyone else.

"He will be very glad to come, I am sure," said Denzil, with a side glance at Valerie. She flushed.

"Mother!" she protested. "You don't want to give him an invitation like that, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Oh—if he comes, he ought to come as a friend, not as a famous singer."

"I had no idea you were so conventional," laughed her mother. "Isn't that just the way he will come? I know he is a singer, but we ought not to be snobbish."

Valerie lifted her delicate eye-brows. Her mother's attitude towards professionals had not been wont to show anything but patronage. But she said no more, and Mrs. Monro turned again to Denzil.

"You will bring him, won't you?" she said. "I suppose the time will depend on when he must sing. Say that I ask Miss Searle to send him a card for my ball—will that do?"

"Perfectly," agreed Denzil, and he moved on with Valerie. "You don't really mind, do you?" he asked.

"Why should I?"

"I thought somehow that you did."

She made no answer at all. But inwardly she whispered, "It's fate—is there no evading it? Fool that I am. I believe I am counting the days to the ball!" And she gathered up her feminine resources for victory.

CHAPTER V.

"She does do things well," reflected Monro. "I don't know how she does it—and nothing would ever make her believe that I'd rather have a cheese sandwich and a bottle of beer in the kitchen."

He was watching his wife from the other side of the marble stair-case where she was standing to receive her guests. The place was brilliant with flowers and lights, a note of bizarrerie adding to its effect, and Mrs. Monro herself was a charming hostess. Her long train swirled about her slippers, and the diamond tiara she wore glimmered like frost-crystals in her white hair. She could wear a small fortune on her head without appearing vulgar—and did, with the unaffected pleasure of a child. She had grown up with the west, years before—an old Indian woman had been her mother's sole attendant when she came into the world, and in her pinafore days she had scampered barefoot with the other children through the poplar bluffs of Saskatchewan. Then she had married Monro, when he was a young railway-clerk, and with him had come up through poverty, the days of his first "lucky strike" and his succeeding prosperity. But to look at her now, no one would ever imagine that she had lacked for anything all her life. Her gaiety had persisted through it all, and "merry Molly Monro" had laughed alike in good and evil fortunes.

Monro looked at her with the affection that had persisted a life long, and noted the restless movement of the hands that held her great feather fan. "She will break down under this social strain," he reflected. "I must see about getting a country place where she can rest. Poor Molly! I wonder how Valerie will like it."

At that moment Valerie passed the door, dancing with some tall man whom Monro did not know. She flashed a look at him as she swung by. Evidently the charms of neither dance nor partner failed to monopolize her attention. It almost seemed to Monro as she looked at him and then past him where the guests were arriving, that she had an air of expectation. He missed about it for a moment, wondered if she were looking for Mr. Denzil, and then decided it could not have been for him, he wore that brilliant look Monro was keen at a glance, where his better girls' moor and dukes were more than usually attracted to the doorway and watch. He thought enough that Valerie had a look on her face, which was not for a girl of her age, but it was a look which he had seen before with a girl he had loved. It was a look of expectation, and he had a very definite idea of the kind of a girl who was looking at him. Monro's guard was down, and he was looking at Valerie



"SUDDENLY A KISS THE AIR BEING HANGING THE SHARPLESS OF A WOMAN IN PAIN, AND THE ACID SCENT OF BURNING CLOTH FILLED THE AIR."

for the unknown she watched. But her hesitation was short. Monro chuckled. "Whoever it is has lost his chance," he murmured. He enjoyed watching Valerie and her rather and tarrying to see how Mr. Monro was taking her. Denzil Monro was not a man of the world, but with him a glance from a girl's face and he kept his eyes fixed on the girl's face, as if he were a man who had never seen a woman before.

Mr. Monro welcomed the party with a smile, and he was not a man of the world, but with him a glance from a girl's face and he kept his eyes fixed on the girl's face, as if he were a man who had never seen a woman before.

came forward, leisurely, a quizzical gleam in his eyes, and greeted Denzil with a glance that inquired his companion's identity.

"Let me present my old playmate, Robert Stedman, and Lord Morton. But this is Mr. Monro, the Canadian railway man, a sort whom I tell you I shall well like to see, after success in the competitive race."

"Now that is quite fair to him," said the millionaire. "The work you have done is a fine proof of your ability, and now you are looking for some one to help."

"I am a little tired, and I shall go to bed."

"Good night, good night."

Two Men—

AND WHAT THE GIRL THOUGHT SHE THOUGHT
ABOUT THEM

By Mary Wilhelmina Hastings

Illustrated by George Brehm



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" FLARED TOM
GOING HOME WITH HIM?" "ARE YOU

"AND I said to him—"
So Maggie deftly resumed the thread of narrative, suspended by an intervening customer.

"I said, 'What do you think I am, anyway? I'm not that kind of a girl.' I said, 'I don't shake the gentleman friend who took me to a dance to go home with any new acquaintance! If you want to make a date that's another thing.'"

"And did he?"

"Sure he did, for Friday night. We're going to the American."

"You do have such luck, Maggie," sighed Amy Mill.

She was the youngest of the girls, scarcely seventeen, tall and slim, with a thin, wistful face, delicately pretty in spite of its overhanging pompadour.

The other listener shook an extremely yellowed head.

"Maybe he won't keep it," she darkly foretold. "He may be mad at you for not taking him then."

"Maybe he won't," returned Maggie, philosophically. "Living's learning. But I won't ditch nobody for anybody!"

This sterling sentiment won a murmur of applause from the youthful Amy, but the plump blonde challenged it.

"That sounds well, but I am not so sure. Walter isn't anybody," said she, with the air of stating a conceded fact, "and you're only going with him to

pass the time, so it's foolish to lose a chance. What was he like?"

"Oh—swell!" declared Maggie, comprehensively. "Not handsome, but a grand dresser, you know, and lovely manners. I saw him the minute we came in, but I never let on, and then in the very first grand-right-and-left I got him for a partner!"

"Wasn't Walt crazy?"

"Crazy? The poor kid was wild for fear I'd turn him down. It's really pitiful. I oughtn't to go with him any more," she murmured virtuously.

"No, madame, the velvets are on the next floor. We have only the velvet ribbons here. Yes, the floor above. She won't get there before the bell rings," she added to the others.

"There it goes now."

As the closing signal pealed through the building, she slammed a last drawer into place and hurried out in the aisles, elbowing good-naturedly along in the increasing crowd that seemed equally resolved to waste no more time within.

Amy Mills lingered, pretended to redrape a counter. Harry Leroy was going by. Perhaps this time—but Leroy passed on with only a nod and a careless glance of his handsome gray eyes. Leroy always passed on. He was the dream of the girl's life—a dream that hovered tantalizingly on the verge of reality. They had never exchanged more than ten words at a time, and in public she scoffed at the girls who paid him coquettish court; but because of him her days were haunted by shy, furtive hopes and dull heartaches.

She had grown used enough by now to recurring disappointment, yet tonight she resented it with mutinous passion. For the thousandth time she wondered rebelliously why, when other girls, plain girls, fat girls, red-headed girls, could all live their dreams, hers must be forever denied her.

Reality for her was waiting below in the person of Tom Neugan, short and stocky, with a bullet head on a round neck, perpetually reddened by too tight collars. They were always scrupulously clean collars, and he wore good clothes in an effort at appearance, but the distinction of being a "good

dresser" was beyond his achievement; he lacked forever the indefinable quality of style.

Neugan knew all these things well—and the knowledge had brought a sobering patience to his irascible blue eyes. He realized he played no part in the girl's dreams—indeed, he suspected shrewdly that his escort had first been tolerated for the saving in carfare—but, though he had no share in the future, the present, at any rate, was his to make the most of.

They greeted each other briefly now, and hurried out to crowd on the overladen car. There they hung from separate straps, swaying, bumping with the rest, exchanging only an occasional word or glance.

At Beatrice Street they made their difficult way out, and fell into step together. It was a raw, damp night, and now a chill wind rushed down the street upon them. Amy shivered and shrank closer to the shelter of his arm. Neugan put a hand on her thin, shabby sleeve.

"You ought to get a new jacket, Amy."

"I know it."

"Have you looked at any?"

"What's the use," she spoke impatiently, "I can't get one."

"Well, I know somebody who will."

She shook her head. "You mustn't, Tom. It ain't right."

"Right," said he pugnaciously, "why ain't it?"

"I'm still owing you some from grandmother's funeral."

"I wish you'd forget that," he declared. "I guess she liked me well enough to let me help some. Anyhow, there's no hurry, and I'm going to give you that coat."

"You really mustn't. It ain't,—," she hesitated delicately. "It ain't as if we were going together, you know."

"I know," said he briefly. "But we're good friends, ain't we? Ain't you a good enough friend to take something from me?"

"But it's—clothes."

"Well, what's the matter with clothes? I believe in giving what people need. There's plenty girls don't think anything of getting all the

shows and suppers they can out of a fellow, and coming back for more, and a jacket don't cost any more'n that. Make believe it's a season ticket—or a bunch of roses, you know. I've got the price."

"But it really *sounds* so awful!"

She was manifestly weakening. A budding vision of a coat must have been floating in the fringe of consciousness, for now it popped, full blown, before her mental eye—a little jewel of a coat, smart, black, straight in cut, with heavy braided seams.

He combated the words fiercely.

"Who's it going to sound to? It's our own business—my business. For heaven's sake, Amy, don't always turn a fellow down. If you're a friend of mine—take it; if not—take it, just the same. Work me for a good thing—I don't care."

She bubbled with sudden laughter.

"Tom, you do say such things!"

"Do I?" He sighed in relief, for her laughter was a good sign. "Well now, I'll give you an envelope to-morrow, and you go blow every cent on something warm. Don't pick out a flimsy one for its shape. Get a collar that turns up."

"I should say not," she declared gaily, in new-found spirits. "They aren't wearing them this winter."

"Oh, you girls! I'll have to be buying you furs, next," he threatened.

Amy's eyes, tender with a warm rush of gratitude, smiled back at him through the dusk. How good this Tom would be to a girl! Oh, if only—the old pain stirred at the irony of it all—if only this were Leroy here beside her, sheltering her, planning for her. Oh, how right the world would come for her then!

They were at the corner now, the parting of the ways. Half a block distant Neugan owned a small cottage and roomed with his tenants; Amy boarded on the next street, with her brother's family.

The girl lingered uncertainly.

"You're awfully good," she said in a low tone. "Too good—I ain't worth it. You ought to be spending your money on some girl that's crazy about you—not just a friend."

"Never you mind that," he told her firmly. "I'm not a kid. As far as you

He hesitated, shifting in embarrassment from one foot to another. How was he to tell her of the love that protects, sustains, yearns over the beloved, asking nothing for itself but the privilege of service, buying it, if need be, with the heart's lifelong pain and devotion?

"I'm glad if I help some," he brought out at last, turning to go. "Here's to-

contemptuous of her husband's ability, disdainful of what she termed Amy's airs.

She snapped querulously, now, at the girl.

"Shut the door, you're letting in all outdoors."

"It is cold," Amy pacifically agreed.

She hesitated. Then with deceptive casualness:

"I guess I'd better get a new jacket."

"Humph!" The woman bent over her dish. "I'll bet you will, and when you're sick and haven't a cent, don't expect me to pay the doctor."

"I'm not likely to," the girl retorted with dry significance.

There had been no love lost since the little grandmother's illness. She stood a moment, bitterly reminiscent, then, picking up the youngest child, which seemed to be crying the loudest, sat down to quiet it. As she rocked, her

frown faded, her straight lips curved to a smile. She was debating the delicious question of gold buttons, and with revived interest in life she decided to try her hair that new way to-morrow.

Whether it was the re-arranged hair, or the smart jacket, or the cumulative effect of both, enhancing her girlish prettiness cannot, of course, be ascertained, but certainly from that next week the dream came closer to reality.

It began with a few words in passing, then an idle joke and an exchange of glances—dark eyes, half shy, half provocative, met by a bold, confident stare from the gray. It was a stare that thrilled and yet abashed. Her eyes fell swiftly before it, yet rose again in irresistible attraction.

She read in Leroy's good looks, his gay, ready laugh, his six

feet of straight, strong youth, all the fine, wonderful things of a girl's first imaginings. She told herself feverishly that he must come to care for her. He *must*! It would be too cruel to have him turn away now on the very threshold of acquaintance. Let him only cross that threshold and be her lover, no matter how short the time.

So she prayed to the invisible gods of life. She would not complain whatever



night's paper—see you in the morning—so long."

"So long, Tom," she answered, and hurried down the street before the gusty wind.

Her sister-in-law was bending over a stew on the stove as she entered. They had two rooms; the family slept in one, and Amy had a curtained alcove off the kitchen. The brother was close and weak; the wife was close and hard

the end might be. Let her only live—once!

One night, at closing time, Leroy came behind her on the stairs and caught her elbow.

"No need to rush—that steady can wait a minute," he laughed, for he was in Neugan's lodge, where his devotion was an open secret.

"He's not my steady," Amy quickly protested.

"Who is, then?"

She flashed him a swift glance. "I haven't seen him yet."

"You tell it well. Going to Doane's Saturday night?"

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing—only," he pressed her arm significantly, "if you look you may see somebody, that's all."

Doane's was, theoretically, Professor Doane's Dancing Academy for young ladies and gentlemen. Open every Saturday evening, admission, per couple, half-a-dollar; extra ladies, twenty-five cents. Whether there was a Professor Doane or not, there was a brassy orchestra, and a large well-waxed floor, over an eminently respectable drug store. It was considered a haunt of fashion among Amy's friends—the half-dollar entrance fee giving it a tone of wealth and exclusiveness. Amy, herself, went but seldom. She was fond of dancing, but not with Neugan, who was too short and bumped a great deal.

This Saturday, however, she would not have missed for a kingdom. The three preceding nights she sat up late, fashioning a new waist by the light of a small, ill-smelling oil lamp. She would have dearly loved an entire new dress. The daughters of well-to-do butchers and bakers who appeared there in emphatic novelties, would shame her shabby black skirt with their smart, white cloth ones, and Leroy, she knew, was critical. But even this cheap silk muslin waist emptied her purse.

As a creation, however, it was decidedly a success, and balancing on a chair that Saturday night to scrutinize her belt in the mirror, she decided happily that, after all, she could brave the comparison.

Excitement, born of eager anticipation, sparkled brightly in her dark eyes, and flushed her cheeks with a pink, deeper than her waist. Every line of the tall, slender figure was pliant with pretty grace.

At the academy Neugan watched her with a sort of bewildered and hopeless worship. He danced even more badly than usual, treading on her toes, and forgetting entirely to reverse, but she did not seem to mind.

From across the crowded hall she was conscious of Leroy's eyes on her in arrested admiration, then, in deepening significance. When he came to ask her

to dance, she met his banter with a gaiety that transformed her.

They danced together three times, and at the end of the third he asked to see her home.

It was the crowning moment—but she remembered Neugan.

Leroy met her explanation with a careless laugh. "Oh, all right. I won't butt in on your steady."

"He isn't my steady," she declared.

"No?" scoffingly.

"No, he's not—he's just a friend, but I don't want to be mean to him. Any other time——"

"There's no 'other time' with me," he interrupted grandly. "If you're going with me at all, you're going with me now!"

Amy's heart stood still in the cold clutch of dread. The story of Maggie's acquaintance, who had failed to keep his engagement, rushed over her. Opportunity, it seemed, came but once. If she denied him now——

She looked up, and his eyes, the eyes of a man who brooked no denial, smiled down conqueringly.

"All right then," she yielded breathlessly. "I'll go—with you."

It was no easy matter to explain this to Tom. She sought him, trembling almost, and at the first word of shamed apology he flared into quick, amazed anger.

"What do you mean? Are you going home with him?"

"I didn't want to," she pleaded, "but Tom, if I don't——" her eyes sought his, asking the understanding that would save her further words.

He waited stolidly.

"Don't you see? If I don't—he—he won't ask me again."

"What's that to you?"

"It's—oh, Tom!" The tears came to her eyes. "You always said you'd do anything for me, and now, when it's the thing I want most of all——"

He took it without a word, considering it slowly, in his eyes the surprised blink of an animal balked in its first rush of rage.

"Oh, all right," he brought out at last. "I'm down and out." He turned on his heel.

"Tom—I'm awful sorry." She followed a step timidly.

"Forget it," he muttered. "Go on, have a good time."

The queer, hurt feeling with which she watched him disappear stayed strangely with her through the rest of the evening. She could not quite forget it, even in all the intoxication of Leroy's open attachment. They danced the remaining dances together—the most conspicuous couple on the floor; men winked when they passed, the girls giggled and nudged each other.

In the cloak room Maggie fell on her in a rush of friendly excitement.

"My, you handed it to Tom," she exclaimed in a tone in which disapproval was smothered by wondering admiration. "I didn't think you had the nerve!"

The fingers buttoning the jacket—Tom's jacket—faltered.

"Tom didn't care," Amy tried to say carelessly.

"Well, you're a winner," the other girl pronounced. She looked out to where Leroy waited, the center of a jovial group. "And I don't blame you, neither," she owned in frankness.

Neither, in point of fact, was Amy blaming herself. She held it her misfortune to have things happen so, but the fault itself was clearly on fate's shoulders. Yet she could not forget Tom's face, and depression gained on her as she sat in the car beside Leroy, who talked and joked boisterously across the aisles, in high feather with the occasion and himself.

A shout of farewell pleasantries followed them off the car and down the still street.

"Seems to tickle 'em, doesn't it?" chuckled Leroy. "Gee, but it was a facer for your friend!"

"Oh, he didn't mind," Amy declared.

"Didn't he though! Well, you ought to have seen his face when the fellows jollied him. They gave it to him, plenty."

"They shouldn't," she cried distressfully. She had given Tom into the hands of his enemies, but she was ready to turn on them for tormenting him.

"You're a good one to talk! A fellow that can't keep his girl deserves to lose her, anyhow! If you ever serve me such a trick," he squeezed her arm fondly, then clenched his fist in illustration, "I'll give him this, see? But that little snipe—why he just shrunk out of sight!"

"Tom can fight," she declared proudly.

A man never wins a woman by dispraising her last lover. "He can fight," she reiterated, half pulling her arm away from him.

"Huh—why didn't he, then?"

The girl was silent. She knew why he hadn't fought, and she also began to divine, dimly, that the knowledge was above this man's comprehension. It was hard for Tom to hold his hand, and she saw, now, how hard some other things had been. The excitement of the evening ebbed, leaving her cold and a little tired.

At the door she remembered that her key was in Tom's pocket.

"I'll have to knock," she explained.

"Well, you needn't begin yet." Leroy seemed suddenly to have come very much closer; his hand, which had been on her arm, slipped around her waist.

Continued on page 202.

Nurse Lind's Heart Case

WHICH GOES TO PROVE THAT A LITTLE
HYPODERMIC IS A DANGEROUS THING

By Katherine McFarland

Illustrated by Gertrude Spaller

THE bell which awakened the inmates of the Nurses' Home in St. Mark's Hospital each morning at five-thirty had scarcely ceased its sharp, imperative call when Nurse Lind sprang out of the narrow cot, such as is used in all hospitals.

Her room-mate, still surveying the tiny clock on the table as though very much inclined to think the bell had been rung hours too soon, turned sleepy enquiring eyes toward the rapidly dressing girl.

"Why such haste, Lind? You are rather out of your usual pace, it seems to me."

"Oh, I've got to make an extra smart appearance to-day. I'm going on duty on fourth floor and I am determined to do all in my power to keep in Sister Martha's good graces. You know, my time is up next week, and if I can keep from any misdeed on that floor, I'm going to do it."

"Well, I wish you luck," returned her friend, as she rose and commenced her own toilet. "But if you succeed in staying up there one whole week, without having extra time imposed, it will be a miracle. Sister Martha simply has to call someone down once a day, and, as we nurses are the most available, we get it."

By this time Nurse Lind had completed dressing and was adjusting a freshly laundered cap on her somewhat rebellious brown hair. Ever since her promotion she had received frequent criticism on account of the same, which would not count for anything in the eyes of the old-timers, but in the eyes of the new ones, it was a mark of distinction. Although one of the best and most careful nurses on the staff, she never could become quite as prim and mechanical in manner as a nurse in training is taught to believe proper.

The nurses of different denominations training in St. Mark's were numerous. Therefore, morning prayer was held in the large chapel not only for those belonging to the Church of Rome, but also for the girls holding their devotions in the study.

At the close of the simple service, they immediately fell to discussing the arrival of a new house surgeon, whom few had seen, as he had arrived only the previous night. He was also to be the professor of anatomy and considerable curiosity was felt about him. His predecessor had been a stern disciplinarian, and his departure had been entirely welcome. While all were chattering and surmising as to the new man's appearance, the gong for breakfast sounded, which put an end to the discussion.

The morning meal in the nurses' dining-room is a very brief affair. After a short grace and roll call, all hurry through the meal and repair to their various duties, some to fry bacon and make toast in the main kitchen below stairs, others to set trays for patients' breakfasts in diet kitchens on the different floors. Nurse Lind presented herself for duty on the fourth floor.

Sister Martha, a tall, stern woman, was feared and disliked by all the staff of nurses. Only to the patients did she ever show a kindly disposition, and to them she was all that could be desired. Her greeting to Nurse Lind was curt and characteristic.

"You are late in reporting, Miss Lind. Kindly do not let it occur again. I am very busy this morning and need extra help, although I do not suppose a new nurse on this floor will be much assistance to me. We have a number of typhoids, and several new patients expected. Last night the new house surgeon was up until five so he must not be disturbed before noon, if possible. I have written my orders. You may attend to them, as you are a Senior. I place you in charge for the time being."

When Nurse Lind looked over the orders she decided to attend the most urgent at once.

"Temperatures to be taken—a Junior may do that," she thought.



"Medicines to be given. Let me see. Hypodermic (strychnine). Heart case, likely. I'd better administer that without delay. What is that number—is it a three or a five? Sister does not write her orders any plainer than necessary. It's a five, I think; yes, that is it. Oh, I certainly do not like this floor! It seems odd that I've never been sent here before in my three years' training."

While so thinking, she was not idle, but deftly prepared a new syringe for the hypodermic, carefully testing it to be sure it did not leak, and that the needle was sharp and unobstructed.

When all was ready she quietly walked down the long, silent hall, glancing either side as she passed along for number five. As she hesitated before a partly closed door, a nurse came hurriedly out, scarcely pausing as Nurse Lind asked her "Where is number five?"

"Empty room further down," then hurried on her way.

"Empty?" murmured she. "Patient must have just come in and Sister ordered the hypo as a stimulant." She continued on her way, until the number she sought was reached. Gently knocking, she quietly opened the door and went in.

The blind was drawn, making the room dim, and, as she raised it, she saw lying on the bed, a young man of possibly thirty, wearing a bathrobe. A comforter was drawn lightly over him. He appeared to be sound asleep. The nurse gently took his wrist in her cool steady fingers, and while counting

the pulse, which seemed singularly normal for one suffering from heart trouble, she studied his face. How young he was to be so afflicted! It must be only a slight attack, as he didn't look as though he'd been sick for any length of time. The patient appeared to be in a heavy slumber.

He never moved as she rolled the sleeve of his robe back from the white muscular arm, and rubbed a small portion with an antiseptic fluid.

"Poor fellow, probably he has had quite a trip from some of the small towns. This hospital is the only one within a radius of fifty miles," she thought. "He is tired out, I can see that. I'll be as gentle as I can and perhaps he will not waken." Deftly, she held a fold of flesh between her thumb and finger and inserted the needle gently, yet quickly, down among the muscles. Then slightly withdrawing

You really frightened me. I tried not to disturb you. I'm sorry."

"I am not," answered her patient; "in fact, I'm quite happy to be awake and able to thank you for your kind ministrations, but I cannot comprehend why I am so favored."

"Favored!" echoed the nurse. "I don't understand you. Orders were for a hypodermic given at once. I have only obeyed instructions."

While speaking, she had risen to her feet, struggling to conceal the embarrassment she so keenly felt. She could not tell why, but this patient seemed so different from the ones she usually attended, so well and capable; in fact, he caused her usual quiet, professional manner to show more embarrassment than she ever remembered feeling before. He seemed to be treating her orders, as well as herself, as a nice little comedy being enacted for his special benefit.

His eyes still held their amused expression as he raised himself to a sitting posture, saying to the nurse as he did so, "Please sit down and do not be angry if I seem rude and ungrateful to you, but what I cannot see through is why Sister should order a hypo given me. Heaven knows, sleep came to me without any persuasion, after my forty-eight hour trip and my hard night on my arrival."

While he was speaking the nurse's face was a study, embarrassment, perplexity, consternation all struggling for mastery as the scarlet blood flooded neck and cheek, even staining her brow with its vivid hue.

"Oh, what have I done!" she thought. "He must be the new House Surgeon; and she, a Senior trying to excel in her work on the dreaded fourth floor, had made the awful mistake of giving the hypodermic to the new doctor instead of the patient with heart trouble. She remembered wondering at first which figure was in the orders—

Sister's writing was so hard to make out." Her knees seemed too weak to hold her; the room a crimson mist filled with awful noises. She sank into a chair, covering her face with her hands.

"What can I say?" she faltered. "It's all my mistake. I misread the room number—it looked just like a five—and I—I—oh, I thought you were a heart case! And now I'll never get square with you!"

The doctor hopped nimbly off the bed, and crossed to the limp and disconsolate little figure in the stiff chair.

"Nurse! Nurse!" he pleaded. "don't feel like that. It's all right. I'll never tell a soul. Good Lord! you don't think I'd get you in wrong for this, do you?"

She gave him half of one drooping eye, doubtfully.

"You see, it's partly my fault," he went on. "I haven't any business sleeping in a patient's room. But when I got in last night they weren't expecting me, and my room was just the way Dr. Cadaway had left it—some room, too! So I hunted up the night nurse on this floor, and she put me in number five—and the next thing I knew, there you were giving me a business-like hypo."

He chuckled irrepressibly, and Nurse Lind's visible mouth-corner twitched.

"I knew you could take a joke," he declared triumphantly. "That strychnine won't do me a bit of harm—my heart needs stimulating at times. Besides—"

"Click, click, click!" came down the hall. There was no sound of footsteps, but the soft click, click, clack had an ominous sound to the girl. A sister! no mistaking the sound of beads. Only too well did every nurse know it. It broke in on the night lunches, stolen visits to classmates' rooms, and forbidden chats with the students. It was always the signal for a general alarm to the fun-loving nurses.

"Sister Martha!" ejaculated the girl, her face a moment ago so flushed fading to a ghastly white. Instantly the doctor's quick mind grasped the significance of her frightened words. In a second he had opened the wardrobe doors and hurriedly lifted her in, shutting the doors softly after her. With such haste did he move that he was lying on the bed sleepily rubbing his eyes as the sister's knock sounded on the door. He waited until it was thrice repeated before he drowsily asked, "Who's there? Come in."

"Sister Martha," came the grave reply as she entered the room. "I am very sorry to disturb you, but an emergency case has just been brought up and we haven't any other available room, so this must be used. Your room is ready for you, if you wish to continue your sleep."

While speaking to the doctor she was glancing around to see how much preparation was required. As her eyes rested on the table she discovered the syringe and thermometer, which the nurse had left when so suddenly startled by her approach. Annoyance and surprise showed in her stern face as she picked them up, saying as she did so, "Such gross carelessness! Nurses, doctor, never learn to be care-



"WHAT IS THAT NUMBER?" SHE MIZZLED AS SHE STUDIED THE SISTER'S ORDERS. "IS IT A THREE OR A FIVE?"

it, she slowly injected the contents of the syringe, then firmly held a finger over the spot.

Raising her eyes to his face she was startled to see a pair of brown eyes regarding her with amusement and perplexity. Greatly surprised to find what she thought a sick and soundly sleeping man awake and apparently laughing at her, Nurse Lind uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh! You—why you are awake!

ful in putting such things away. If I knew the one responsible she'd be taught a lesson."

Dr. Frain felt very thankful indeed that he had hidden the nurse. If a simple act like the leaving of a syringe on a table was so huge an error in the Sister's sight, what would she think should she discover Nurse Lind's presence in his room?

"Very well, Sister, I'll let you have the room shortly," he said. He quickly prepared to liberate the nurse as the Sister closed the door. But to his consternation she did not go on down the hall as he expected. Instead she seated herself outside the door at the chart cupboard and prepared to make out the morning reports.

"Lord help us," he groaned. "She's settled there for an hour unless I can get her away, and in the meantime some one else will have come in to do up the room. This is a dilemma. Still, the girl is safe for the time being, unless someone looks in that wardrobe. I'll go out and see if I can help the situation from the outside." But fate seemed destined to thwart his plans, for as he stepped into the hall two nurses entered.

"Now what can I do?" he thought. "What good will I do by getting Sister away while those two are inside? This is getting beyond me. I dare not confide in those nurses. They may be the kind that would be glad to curry favor with the Sister by telling. No, I must extricate the little girl myself. But how? Shall I go to the far end of the hall and give an alarm of fire? That would certainly clear the coast. But as I could not substantiate the alarm, and, as I do not wish to have my sanity questioned so early in my new position, I will have to think of something better. While I'm thinking, that poor girl is cooped up in that beastly cupboard affair, and probably scared half to death."

As numerous half-formed plans swept through his head he slowly walked the length of the hall, so any onlooker might imagine him on his way downstairs. He felt deeply, truly concerned over the nurse's detention in her embarrassing position. If she had remained in view in number five when Sister Martha came in she would certainly have been compelled to give a satisfactory explanation of her presence in the doctor's room, and by so doing confess to being guilty of misreading orders; a grave offence in any hospital and more so in this case as the Sister's figures would be called into question. Now, if she was caught coming out of the wardrobe it would be even more incriminating. "But what can I do?" muttered the doctor. "I suppose I am not responsible for her mistake but I bundled her into that

confounded cubby hole, confound it. I've got to get her out."

When Nurse Lind was shut in her prison she fully expected to be liberated as soon as Sister had left the room and passed out of sight, but, as the long minutes dragged on she began to feel uncomfortably warm and weak in the small space. She hadn't room to sit down, and even though there had been she was afraid to attempt a change of position for fear of making a noise, which would lead to her discovery by the nurses doing the room. She knew they were her juniors and it would never do to ask their silence. It seemed an hour since being shut in, though in reality scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed when she was startled to hear the creaking of the wheeled stretcher, then the opening of the door, and Sister Martha's voice saying in her sweetest tones, "Carefully, carefully, Nurse. Just a moment and we will have you safely in bed where you will feel easier."

Then a half stifled groan and sounds of someone being lifted into the bed.

WHAT HAVE I DONE? "SHE'S GASPING. YOU MUST BE THE NEW HOUSE SURGEON."



The Sister's voice again, "I will remain. Nurse, you go quickly for Doctor Frain. Mr. Prichard's own physician is not here yet and we cannot wait any longer."

Then the sound of the nurse's exit, and again came the Sister's voice, smooth and soothing, "The pain is quite severe, I know. But you will soon be easier. Close your eyes and rest, if possible, until the doctor comes. I will go and prepare a stimulant for you."

Then silence, deep and unbroken. Save by an occasional deep moan and incoherent mutterings it seemed to the imprisoned nurse that the patient was in a semi-delirious state, but even so, dare she risk the chance of detection and leave her uncomfortable quarters? While these thoughts were running through her head her position became more and more unbearable, the air hot and stifling and a faint, drowsy, choking sensation seemed to be stealing

over her. She knew something must be done, and quickly. Better discovery by the patient than to faint and possibly fall out and arouse the whole floor. After listening intently to make sure no one was approaching, she softly and slowly opened the door and nervously glanced at the patient, who seemed to be in great pain, his eyes almost closed. Softly she stepped out and tiptoed quickly to the door, opened it, and darted into number three next door. It was with a sigh of thankfulness that she saw the occupant fast asleep. She scarcely felt in a condition to give a second hypodermic just then.

When Sister Martha returned with the doctor they found the patient as he had been ever since his admittance, feverish and apparently in great pain. A couple of hours previously he had slipped while running to catch a train, the result being a skull fracture of indeterminate seriousness.

While examining the fracture, Doctor Frain's mind continually kept straying to the wardrobe, even though he dared not allow his eyes to do likewise. If Sister Martha would only leave him

alone a few precious seconds, he could liberate the nurse, never knowing she had been able to do so herself. He would send Sister on an errand, then accomplish his work before she returned.

"Kindly bring my case from my room," he requested, and she, being only too willing to assist the fine-looking new physician, hurriedly went out.

In an instant he reached the wardrobe, and threw open the door, only to find it—empty.

Consternation and dismay swept over him. She had been discovered—and by whom? Discovery would almost certainly mean the loss of her cap and extra time imposed. She might even be expelled. Perhaps at that very moment she might be in disgrace and alone. He must help her. There was something peculiarly attractive about her.

A moan from the bed recalled him to his patient, and as he bent over the man, Sister returned.

The patient had recommenced his mutterings, half-intelligible phrases falling from his lips. "Nurse got out," he

muttered uneasily. "Pretty nurse—oh, doctor, stop the pain—my head's a furnace—very hot. I must get that—There she is, came right out—Nurse! nurse—no, no—not you," this to Sister Martha. "Pretty nurse—came out of box."

The doctor laid his hand softly over the man's lips, and changed his position slightly, saying "Delirium, Sister. Some morphine—"

"Certainly," she agreed. "I will send a nurse."

The doctor felt a weight lifted from his mind. Evidently the girl had slipped out in an opportune moment and been seen only by the delirious patient. He would see her again as soon as possible. And even as he reflected, Nurse Lind came in with a hypodermic. She had pulled herself together in short order, and her manner was grave and business-like. Only a flush remained in her cheeks, and as the doctor spoke to her, it deepened and spread into a rosy glow. He took the hypodermic from her, and administered the injection himself. The patient

Continued on page 221.

Farming With Explosives

By J. J. Larkin

Illustrated from Photographs

EXplosives, like fire, have always been man's best friend and his greatest enemy. Men have fast learned how to prevent or, at least, how to greatly check severe fires until to-day fire-protection in practically every village, town or hamlet is recognized as an absolute necessity.

So it has been with explosives, for those powerful gases concealed in pulpy material or in powder form which have wrought not a little destruction have at the present time not only proven invaluable in the larger achievements of construction but have invaded—perhaps the last place the old time pioneer would have expected—the farm.

For, explosives on the farm, though as yet, of course, not in general use, have proven a decided success. As in all experiments their use at first was very limited. A few farmers, perhaps with some knowledge of quarrying, utilized them to destroy particularly inconvenient tree stumps. Naturally other uses for the explosives suggested themselves until to-day dynamite or blasting powder is not only used to break up boulders which may render worthless a valuable part of a field and

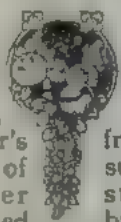
stumps of trees which defy the efforts of machinery for removal, but is proving the farmer's friend in the breaking up of the subsoil or hardpan—the lower strata which cannot be reached by the plow or which has become hard—in rejuvenating orchards; in planting trees; in splitting logs; in making roads; in digging wells and, a most important innovation, in excavating ditches. Particularly effective is it, too, in breaking up log jams on a river or a lake, though not many farmers are concerned in these difficulties.

To the ordinary man, dynamite and danger are synonymous. Time was when a suggestion of using explosives on the farm in other than weapon form would have been regarded as a sign of insanity. The world moves, however, and at the present time responsible persons can use and handle dynamite just as safely as they can

handle gasoline, matches or coal oil. True, accidents may occur, for dynamite is not at all suitable to entrust to a child or a careless laborer. Neither is a fractious colt which is likely to run away; or a binder or other valuable and intricate machine which may be almost irreparably injured. Accidents will occur with dynamite but if properly handled there is no more danger from it on the farm than there is from fire, flood, storm or any of the other numerous mishaps which affect the average farmer. Improved manufacture and time-tested methods have rendered accidents practically nil, where proper care is exercised.

It is a race between explosives and electricity on the farm just now and, oddly enough, perfected appliances for the use of the latter have greatly aided dynamite-using for electric batteries which will "fire" charges of explosives from a considerable distance, and will fire practically as many charges as the farmer desires, have added greatly to safety and in some forms of explosive-using on the farm are practically indispensable.

Guess-work is no longer the chief factor in using an explosive. With its great element of danger, it has been



superseded by set rules which any man who handles or desires to handle explosives can secure.

A strong economic factor in the use of explosives on the farm is its bearing on the labor problem. Everybody knows how for some seasons now the wail has gone throughout the land that suitable farm labor was almost as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. Everybody knows how the east—and its newly arrived population acquisitions from across "The Pond"—swarms west every summer when the harvest is ready to be garnered—at necessarily high labor prices. Scarcer still is the supply of suitable farm help of the permanent variety.

Right there is where the use of explosives at least minimizes the labor problem. For instance, take ditching by explosives. On a conservative estimate it is claimed three men using ditching powder will accomplish as much in a day as could a dozen men in the ordinary manner. Power is obtained cheaper—except perhaps in smaller jobs—from explosives than from the worker's arms, legs and shoulders driving a pick or shovel.

Nor is there as much technique in using explosives as might be imagined. In general the method to be followed depends, of course on the work to be performed. Explosives, first let it be understood, are solids or liquids which can be changed almost instantaneously by a spark, great heat or a shock into gases having many hundred times the volume of the explosive in its original form. Coal and wood are changed slowly into a large volume of gas by burning; water is changed slowly into a large volume of gas (steam) by heating it. This is the whole theory of explosives. By it much in their use which would otherwise seem difficult to explain, is easily understood.

Blasting explosives are divided into two classes—Low Explosives or blasting powders which are exploded by a spark, and High Explosives commonly known as dynamite, which are exploded by a hard sharp shock. There are numerous kinds of high explosives or dynamite each having some particular property which makes it different from every other kind. Some kinds will burn if a spark falls on them and most kinds can be burned if put in a fire.

When dynamite is handled with bare hands it usually causes a headache. Old gloves are therefore nearly always worn.

There is a popular misconception of dynamite in the public mind. Newspapers in reporting outrages such as bomb-throwing by anarchists; safe

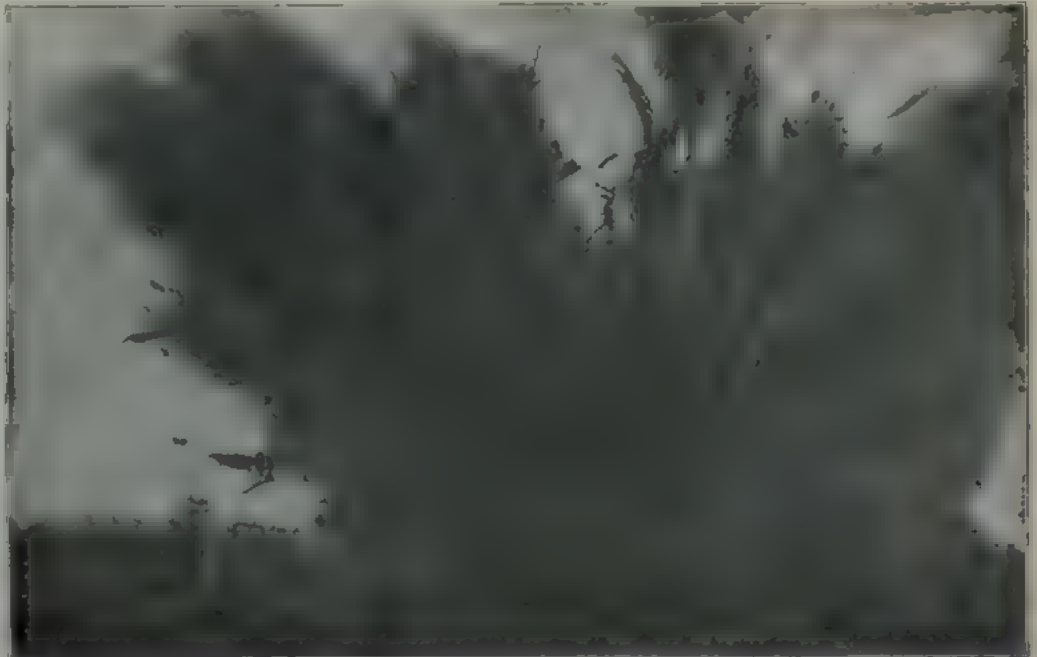
cracking by burglars, etc.; incorrectly report them as caused "by dynamite." The result is an erroneous but wide spread impression that a dynamite cartridge will explode if dropped on the ground or thrown against the body of a person.

As a matter of fact safe crackers and bomb-throwers do not use dynamite cartridges at all; they would not be suitable for their purpose as it is so difficult to explode them. What these criminals use as a rule is nitro-glycerin.

True, there is a certain proportion of nitro-glycerin in dynamite cartridges but that dangerous liquid is scientifically

with damp clay tamping packed firmly above to the top of the hole and the exploded all together from the surface by the use of electricity. The result of this shot will be to blow out a funnel-shaped opening in the centre, and the bottom is then squared up with another circle of holes drilled straight down as close to the sides as possible.

Ditching is another decidedly interesting feat. Stumping will excavate ditches entirely, cleaning them out to grade; giving the sides the correct slope and spreading the earth excavated over the land some distance away. In the same way much valuable land can be



BLASTING OUT A GIGANTIC RED WOOD SKIMP THREE TIMES AS HIGH AS A MAN AND COVERING A SPACE TWENTY-FOUR FEET BY 20

compounded with wood pulp and other ingredients in such a way that dynamite can be absolutely depended upon not to explode accidentally if handled with proper care.

Dynamite, when used for blasting is exploded by a detonator and a long fuse.

Perhaps no use of dynamite on the farm seems as interesting and as systematic as well-sinking. Wells are generally sunk through rock or ground which cannot be dug to advantage without the aid of explosives. In well-sinking, when the rock is reached and the earth is properly shored, a circle of four or five holes is started about half way between the centre and the sides of the well and pointed at such an angle that they will come close together near the centre when they are three or four feet deep. These holes are loaded about half full of powder

saved by blasting straight channels to straighten and shorten the course of creeks and streams. It is not necessary in this work to blast a large ditch or channel for if the current is once started through a small one it will soon wash out to the proper size.

To blast a ditch through swamp ground, a row of holes down to within four inches of the grade of the ditch are drilled from eighteen to twenty-four inches apart and in such a position that the bottoms of the holes will follow the center line of the ditch. When these are filled and the primer is in position they are exploded simultaneously by means of electric light fuses and battery. In this way ditches can be dug up to seven feet wide at the top; three and a half feet wide at the bottom and four feet deep, the width and depth depending on the depth and distance apart of the holes. Ditches from six-

teen to twenty feet wide require three rows of holes with three or four feet between the rows. The cost, including labor, for ditches from three to four feet deep, three feet wide at the bottom and from five to seven feet at the top is only from two to four cents a lineal foot.

In tree planting by explosives the principal object is to open up the subsoil so as to make room for root growth; conserve moisture and to drain the surface properly. When preparing the ground for new trees the holes are generally bored about thirty inches deep on the spot. In many places it is the custom to shovel off the fertile top soil in a circle about the hole, before blasting, and to pile this to one side for

they are more than thirty feet apart.

The surface of the earth is not affected much in blasting subsoil or hardpan for the simple reason that the aim is to loosen the earth down deep. In the ordinary clay subsoil and in plow soil, holes are spaced fifteen to twenty feet apart and nearly three feet deep. If properly done, it is claimed it will not be necessary to break up this subsoil oftener than once in ten years.

Swamps and ponds, except where they are close to rivers, lakes or the ocean, are caused by spring or surface water collecting on low ground which is underlaid by clay or other subsoil that the water cannot sink through. When it is not practical to drain these

several cartridges with a long fuselighted, is thrown onto the ice cakes, the object of course being to break up the large cakes of ice into smaller pieces, which will thus be prevented from piling up.

But log jams are broken up and the timber started down stream on its way again in a different manner. In this case the explosive is placed on the logs at a point where the timber is loosest and exploded by a blasting machine on the shore through electric wire connections.

Boulder blasting is followed in much the same manner as in removing stumps. It is again a method of attacking the obstruction at its weakest point.

These, then, are the chief uses to



THIS WAS A HOPELESS FIELD OF STUMPS AND BOGHOLE. TEN MONTHS AFTER BLASTING, IT WAS GROWING \$800 WORTH OF CELERY TO THE ACRE, THE RICH WOODS DIRT BEING A GOOD FEEDER FOR THE PLANTS AND IT EARNED ITS OWNER AN EXCELLENT PROFIT

filling up the blasted hole to the proper level.

When cultivating orchards by blasting between the trees, the spacing between the holes depends on how far apart the trees are planted and the condition of the subsoil. In Ontario and other provinces where many orchards grow over hardpan, holes are often drilled from three to five feet deep and sometimes only six feet away from the trees. The general rule however is to bore the holes three feet deep midway between the trees on diagonal lines when they stand fifteen to twenty feet apart; midway between them on square lines when they are from twenty to thirty feet apart and on three sides of each tree ten feet away from it when

swamps by ditching they can often be permanently dried up by shattering the impervious subsoil with stumping.

Particularly useful is this new "farmer's friend" in removing obnoxious stumps. And in this the methods employed naturally vary considerably from those in other tasks. It is usually necessary, in blasting stumps, to place the charge under the centre of the stump so that the part offering the greatest resistance will be hit first and hardest. In order to keep the stumping powder from splitting the stump and wasting a part of its force a stout chain is generally wound around the stump.

Ice gorges can be moved effectively with stumping powder. In this operation, the explosive, tied together in

which explosives have been applied on the farm with success, though the innovation has also proved effective in digging holes for posts; in building roads where rock had to be cut away or graded and in splitting logs; Quite likely ideas for its further use will frequently suggest themselves to the farmer especially as the powder company supplying his explosives keeps in the lead in experiments and shows particular desire to supply information to agriculturists as to its uses and best methods. In fact in view of steady improvement in manufacture and form, it may not be surprising at all soon to find broad acres even ploughed by explosives used carefully—systematically—scientifically.

They That Live by The Sword

By Frank Lee Benedict

Illustrated by Clayton J. Knight



"I SAY, Payne, Mrs. Landry is here!—only got off the steamer this morning, and is on exhibition already. Look out for your self, Mrs. Payne; your orange-blossoms are six months old!"

The speaker was that old beau, Livermore Carroll; the place Mrs. Hunter's rooms, on a reception night.

Harry Payne pushed past, fairly dragging Sidney forward; but, with a woman's quickness she found time to say:

"You must put on your spectacles, dear Mr. Carroll. Then you'd see I shall be too busy having other people look at me to attend to your considerate advice, whatever it may mean."

"Oh, I don't think anybody ever accused Carroll of meaning anything," added Harry, laughing, more ready with a retort than men usually are, when somebody has stung them, though Sidney felt his arm tremble beneath her hand.

Carroll moved on through the gay crowd. He looked, from her very heart, at the beautiful creature, in the crowd, at the engagement what she knew, but he said: "If she had she would have stood upon a different footing now; but Mrs. Landry's name had never been so much as mentioned between them, much less the fact that Harry was known to have been in love with her."

"Don't let that woman make your acquaintance even, if you can help it; we don't want to know her," said her husband.

Miss Kellogg was singing. A long impossible bit of instrumentation, by two pairs of amateur hands, followed, and in the midst of it Sidney, standing a little back of the piano, raised her eyes to meet those of a lady near, surrounded by a little group of men, and queening it, as a pretty woman may be held excusable for liking to do. Sidney recognized her at once. At the time she learned Harry's secret she had seen a portrait of the woman whose treachery had driven him nearly mad. This brilliant creature, whose eyes met her own with a curious glance, was Isabel Landry.

Presently, the tortured piano got a little rest, and while Sidney was pro-

perly adding her meed of compliments to the praise the brace of unconscionable damsels who had performed were receiving, Mrs. Hunter's voice said at her elbow:

"Dear Mrs. Payne, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Landry. You are both such favorites of mine, that I want you to know each other."

By the odd expression in several of the countenances about her, Sidney knew that she was watched by people who were perfectly cognizant of the old story, and waiting to be amused by this encounter between Harry Payne's wife and the woman who had jilted him. Sidney turned slowly round, gave one pretty look of surprise, let it change into the sweetest and brightest smile of pleasure, as if the very sight of the beautiful face before her filled her with eagerness to know her friend's other "favorite," and said,

"I am very happy to meet you; I'll not have Mrs. Hunter liking you the best." Then another admiring look and a charming laugh, as if the second glance at the beautiful creature wrung the confession from her, "Only I'm afraid she'll not be able to help it."

If Argus had been staring at Sidney with all his eyes he would have sworn she was speaking from impulse; but the perfection of the thing was, that he would have supposed she had never even heard of Mrs. Landry in her whole life before.

It was the enemy's turn now, but there was too palpable a meaning in manner and words as she answered:

"It's so kind of you to say nice things to me; but where you are concerned, I'm afraid I can't expect to be liked best by Mrs. Hunter, or anybody else."

Several busybodies exchanged smiles, to show that they understood who was meant by the general phrase, and held their breath to see if they were not to get a little more amusement out of the scene, but Sidney defeated that.

"Oh, dear! somebody else is going to play," sighed she. "Do let's sit down a moment, for they'll not let us talk here."

Mrs. Landry followed her, somewhat disappointed, and more angry, that Sidney had so far had the best of

the encounter. She felt malicious now, and wanted to stab her antagonist sharply, for, in her over-weening self-confidence, it never occurred to her that this pretty, rather girlish-looking creature could be a match for her powers. But Sidney kept her down to ordinary topics so artfully, that she was a good deal at a loss, and there was nothing ill natured to be done for several moments. By the time the music ceased, Mrs. Landry's quick eyes perceived Harry Payne standing in the middle of the room, and said,

"Ah, there is your husband! Do make him a sign to come here; we used to be good friends once, but he got very angry with me about—about what was no fault of mine. You must make him promise not to bear malice!"

"Angry with you?" questioned Sidney, with delightful innocence. "I can't fancy that; but if he ever was, I dare say he has forgotten all about it—the most forgetful creature!"

She beckoned to her husband. He was not a man to do anything awkward, so he did not hesitate a second about obeying his wife's gesture; but, under his smile, Sidney could see plainly that he was furious with her—worse than that, troubled by the sight of this woman, who, until meeting her, he had believed could excite no feeling in his mind but that of contempt or anger.

"Harry," said Sidney, before he could speak, "Mrs. Landry says she is sure you have forgotten her."

"I was only so surprised that I could not believe my eyes," returned he, adding proper words of welcome, and doing the thing remarkably well.

"And I don't think I was modest enough to say I was sure you had forgotten me," said Mrs. Landry, laughing.

No. How was it? You said he

was angry with you. That was it; and I told you I was sure he had forgotten it. You know you are the most heedless creature in the world, Harry!" Sidney cooed in her turn. "And you're not to bear malice, sir, because Mrs. Landry has just begged me not to let you. But, what was it all about; do tell me."

That was her crowning stroke, and all either of them could do, was to get away from the subject as fast as possible, and plunge into the first bit of talk that offered. The crowd; the heat; the horrible retribution that ought to befall amateur musicians; Mrs. Landry's voyage; her courage in crossing in April; and Sidney kept the ball rolling, and held aloof any possibility of awkwardness, or a scene, until the woman beside her was so angry, that she could with pleasure have throttled her with her pretty fingers on the spot. As for Harry, he had always considered his wife an innocent, rather childish creature, and only thought that she chattered out of entire unconsciousness of what the scene meant. With a man's usual inconsistency he was vexed at her lack of perception, and hardly knew which woman he hated most for the moment.

"I don't see Mr. Landry," he said.

"No; we only landed at noon. Mrs. Hunter came and dragged me out; but poor Mr. Landry was not well enough."

"Rheumatism?" questioned Harry.

"You must be very careful of him," and Sidney leaned back, and slowly fluttered her fan in enjoyment of his impertinence, for she knew as well as he did that the gentleman had been a grandfather when Isabel married.

"Mr. Landry is always dreadfully ill at sea," pursued the lady, addressing Mrs. Payne, as if she had not caught Harry's remark. "I want you to know him—such a heart! Ah, dear Mrs. Payne, I was wiser than all the rest of you girls. It's very nice to be an elderly man's darling."

"I suppose you don't finish the proverb out of politeness," said Harry, rather pettishly, and Sidney would have liked to box his ears for making the blunder.

"Not a bit," quoth Mrs. Landry. "You know I never hesitated to tell you the truth."

People were trooping out to the refreshment-room; some man came and took Sidney away; she was inexpressibly grateful for the release. Driving home that night, Harry burst out suddenly,

"I'm sure I told you we didn't want to know that worldly, frivolous woman."

"Mrs. Hunter brought her up to introduce," said Sidney. "I could not help myself—she seems charming, and quite. I wonder I never

heard more about her. But what did she ever do to make you dislike her? She said you used to be great friends, but that you got angry about something that was not her fault."

All Harry could do was to turn suddenly sleepy, and mutter something between the yawns, about the stupidity of going about to parties and balls night after night. Sidney let him alone; she was too clear-sighted not to see that the best hope for their future peace, would be in a frank confession on both sides; but it was so difficult at this late day—she was so fearful of seeing him pained or humiliated that she had not the courage to attempt the bringing of it about.

For a little while Harry Payne



"VERY CARELESS FOR THE SERVANTS TO LEAVE WASTE PAPER LYING ABOUT," SHE SMILED AT HER HUSBAND

struggled against the fascinations of the woman who had so sorely wounded his heart; but Mrs. Landry was determined that he should yield.

But she was dealing with a very wise little woman. Sidney understood her tactics as clearly as if Mrs. Landry had made a plain statement of them. She did her foe more justice too, than many of her sex would have done under the circumstances. She saw that Mrs. Landry was impelled by a thirst for admiration and a keen love of power, and a personal spite against her, Sidney, but was too cold blooded, and too clear headed, ever to let her heart lead her beyond the limits of mere flirtation.

The two women were inexpressibly sweet to each other, and Mrs. Landry insisted on rushing into an intimacy. Harry could not well keep at a distance when she came out in the character of his wife's friend. Indeed, he did not

struggle very long; he was soon her devoted slave, and Sidney had the humiliation of perceiving that he was terribly in earnest. She suffered cruelly, and there were often times, during the next six weeks, when she was ready to declare the struggle unendurable; but she was fighting for her husband's heart, for all that could give her a hope of happiness, and she would not be vanquished. A poor heart to fight for, lookers-on might have said, but it was the only one Sidney cared about; besides, she was possessed of an indomitable obstinacy under her mild exterior, and the idea of defeat was almost as hard to bear as her suffering. She would not give in; she would show her husband the difference between herself and this woman, who, after proving so faithless in days gone by, was maliciously anxious to ruin any hope of peace for him in the future.

Mr. Landry remained ill, or at least sufficiently suffering to keep to the house for several weeks. By the time he was about again, his wife and Harry Payne had glided into as pretty a flirtation as one could wish to see, but it was by no means the lady's only affair. The husband knew that, though Harry only suspected it in moments of jealousy. Mr. Landry and Sidney waxed quite confidential very soon—that is, the confidence was on the elderly gentleman's side, and Sidney listened with a pretty respect for his age not often found among this generation.

"People call my wife a flirt," said he; "and so she is. I don't like it, and I don't pretend to; but there's no good in making her unhappy."

"That's really very considerate," replied Sidney, unable to resist laughing, though she was by no means in a merry mood.

"If she were ever devoted to one man, I should interfere—she knows that," pursued Mr. Landry. "But there's no checking her; just now, it may be your husband, or another; to-morrow, maybe, that handsome young music-teacher you sent her—and half a dozen besides."

Sidney lost the thread of his discourse as he verged into excuses for his wife, and invented scores of noble qualities wherewith to endow her, but she managed to look interested—all the while she was meditating upon the light which his revelations had cast upon her. If she could only prove to Harry that the beautiful flirt was just as eager to listen to other men's whispers as to his, and repaid them with the same sweet smiles and eloquent glances, Sidney knew him well enough to be certain that he would hate the woman to the day of his death.

It was not more than a week after,

that Geoffrey Renshaw came over from England; and the gossips who were busy with Mrs. Landry's name, did not hesitate to disclose that he had come on her account, and to hold up their hands in horror at her conduct; all the while they paid court devotedly to her wealth and position, and manœuvred as hard to obtain invitations to her balls and parties, as if they had been tickets for Paradise.

From first to last, Mrs. Landry managed as only a woman could have done, to make it perfectly evident to Sidney that it was a personal spite against her, and no return of an old tenderness which prompted this attack upon Harry Payne. But Sidney was her match; she bore herself so cautiously and evenly, that the most keensighted of those who watched, were in doubt whether she was aware of the way her husband flung himself at the beauty's head.

Passing through the hall one morning, she met a new man-servant standing there, studying the address of a letter with a puzzled face.

"What is that, James?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; it's a note Mr. Payne told me to carry. He's gone out, and when I came to look, the address is so blotted, I don't know where it's to go. If you please, I don't think I could have done it—"

"Let me see," she interrupted, taking the envelope out of his hands.

The blotted superscription was legible enough to her eager eyes; it was addressed to Mrs. Landry! It is useless to deny the fact—Sidney's first impulse was to open the letter and read it; but the unworthy feeling passed in an instant. She knew there must be something strange in her face, for the man was looking curiously at her.

"It is a note that Mr. Payne directed for me," she said, quietly. "Take it at once."

"She handed back the missive, and told him the address; then hurried away to escape his apologies and assurance that he could not have been to blame."

It was not a pleasant morning that she spent in her own sick-chamber. She felt that her last resolution was giving, and she was almost ready to vow that if there came no end to this insane folly on her husband's part, she would make one at whatever cost. This constant fever of unrest and excitement was too humiliating to be borne. She cried a little even in the solitude of her chamber, grew so ashamed of her own weakness that her spirit rose

"I'll not give in," was her conclusion, after those hours of passion and grief. "It might be all very fine to do high tragedy, and go into a convent like a woman in a novel, but I'll not! I love

my husband, and he shall come back to me, and own he has been a fool, and Isabel Landry shall accept such terms of peace and mercy as I choose to offer."

But the means? It was an answer to that question which Sidney racked her brains to find, but only worked them into an intense nervous headache, which made her sick and blind. That would never do; they were invited to Mrs. Landry's reception this very night, and she could not go with red eyes and pale cheeks.

Fortunately, Harry was to dine with some friends at his club, and come home to dress and take her, so she had plenty of time to recover herself, and, like a sensible body, went out in search of fresh air and distraction, instead of weakening her powers by a longer season of morbid self-communing.

She could only think of one bit of very feminine revenge for the moment. She happened to know that Mrs. Landry was to wear a dress of pale blue, and she put herself into an entirely fresh and bewitching gown of one of the new marvelous tints of azure, which would make her hostess, by contrast, look like a faded convolvulus. She succeeded perfectly; she perceived it by the angry light in Mrs. Landry's eyes, when she saw her enter the room; perceived that even Harry looked at the lady in surprise, though in his masculine ignorance he had no idea what was the matter, or that it was his own wife's dress which made the usually brilliant coquette look so washed-out and dull.

It could not have been a pleasant evening to Mrs. Landry, in spite of her tact and her ability to act several parts at once. Her husband was by no means satisfied with her conduct of

[illegible]

late, and had only a few hours before given her warning as to the limits which he should insist upon setting to the free moral agency of her actions. At the bottom, she was afraid of him; she knew that, lenient as he had always been to her spirit of coquetry, he would be sternly unforgiving toward any imprudence which could compromise his name. Harry Payne and the young Englishman were watching her, each

furiously jealous of the other; and they had both reached a pitch of idiocy, to which the spoiled beauty did not like her admirers to go. Just then she would have been glad to be rid of them both.

And Sidney, apparently occupied with other persons and matters of her own, never lost a point of the little drama, and enjoyed maliciously the strait in which Mrs. Landry found herself. If only something would happen to give her that long-watched opportunity! The evening dragged on; a



gay enough one to all appearances, though each of the persons whom Sidney studied, would probably have pronounced it about the most unendurable they ever spent in the whole course of their lives; and she, in her pain and wrath at her husband's folly, was almost ready to declare, as she had done scores of times, that she would bear it no longer.

Continued on page 204.



ONE OF THE MEN ON THE CICETER ESTATE CUTTING FLAX
IN A THOUSAND ACRE FIELD

Working the Biggest Farm In Canada

By Frederick Doyle

Illustrated with Photographs taken on the
Ciceter Estate

WHAT tiller of the soil twenty-five years ago ever dreamed of a scene like this?

It is a dark midnight on the open stretches of level prairie in Western Saskatchewan. Seven searchlights, moving east and west and north and south with slow regular progress, flash across the flat fields, the guiding lights in a great conquest of the soil. Behind their beams which stretch a long lane of light along the grassy prairie, working powerfully in the darkness are seven titans of the prairies, forty horsepower gasoline engines pulling gang plows. Moving quietly, relentlessly as they are, the mind can hardly grasp the immensity of their work. For each of these engines is leaving behind it a wake of plowed earth twelve feet in width. And seven engines are pulling plows. All night long then, and all day long on the biggest farm in Canada, at the season for such work, the green sod is turned under in swaths whose combined width is eighty-one feet!

Have you seen this sight? If you have, you know how mightily man now grapples with the earth to give the millions bread, and if you have seen this fight for life on the biggest farm in Canada, you know that there, where the battle is greatest, the man who is in charge, if he is to make the proposition pay, must have at his command all the resources that wealth and agricultural and mechanical genius can produce.

Perhaps in a land where everything is big, where farms as a rule are bigger by far than they are anywhere else on earth, the attention of Western Canada should be focused on the Ciceter Estate—for that's the name of this farm,—not so much because it is the biggest farm as for the reason that it is the biggest model farm. Yet since it is great in size and great in operation there is something to be gained by every North American in seeing the whole farm in all its aspects.

Let us meet the commander-in-chief, L. Benson Boyd. He is young, very young, and believes in having young blood do his work. And as he shows us about his sixteen square miles of perfect farm land, splendidly managed, you will be inclined to agree that Benson Boyd is right, both in theory and practice—at least that all he has done and is doing on these 10,240 acres, every inch of which has been put under plow, is right.

You may ask him first where he got the name Ciceter, the tongue twister. Well, it came from the days of the Roman conquest of Britain, and it survived in the changed form of Cirencester. The latter is the name of the baronial estate of the present Earl of Bathurst. Boyd one time visited the Earl's estate, and was delighted with its beauty. With such an ideal in mind, he took the name "Ciceter" and the sixteen miles of Saskatchewan were so christened. The Earl, however, is not the owner of Ciceter, as has sometimes been supposed.

Before getting down to business at Ciceter, let us take a look about us, for indeed it is a pleasant place. Why does it seem so pleasing. Certainly the eye,

ranging over 3,200 acres in flax last summer, 2,800 in wheat and 320 acres in oats for stock feed, would find much to delight it, but there is something besides nature's beauties! Everything on this western farm conforms to a color scheme. Every building, every machine, every painted article is bright green with a white border. The Ciceter green and white wagon train is noted in all that country. Uniformity in color costs nothing, adds to the attractions of the farm—"Why not have it?" says Boyd.

The biggest demonstration farm on earth, that is what Ciceter is, and the practical purpose of this article will be to show that it deserves to be a leader in Western Canada's agricultural progress because it is demonstrating in a vast money-making way what the government and railroad demonstration farms are doing in a smaller way. And for the very reason that it is making money on a big scale, it will have the attention of the farmers and their respect more than any farm run for the sole purpose of pointing out right methods.

In view of this statement, and the continual and very wise agitation in favor of mixed farming, it may seem contrary to say that Ciceter is primarily a grain growing farm, and that it is the intention to keep it so. But it can be made plain that for Ciceter, it is right that it should be.

Ciceter Estate it on the Canadian Northern—the railroad runs right through the farm—the nearest town being Hughton, which is south and west of Saskatoon. Everyone knows this is in a fine grain country—almost perfect steam plow land. The soil is unexcelled, and the climate assures big crops regularly. Where nature has

done everything possible for grain, why not raise grain and raise it all the time?

At Ciceter they do raise it—all the time. Sixty-nine thousand bushels of grain were produced there for the crop of 1913. Of this thirty-six thousand were flax, 22,000 were wheat, and the oats amounted to 12,000 bushels. One 140 acre tract of Marquis wheat yielded thirty-nine bushels of No. 1 Northern per acre over the entire tract! This was on summer fallow. One field of 500 acres of flax yielded twenty-four bushels to the acre! The entire flax crop was sold for May delivery at \$1.30 per bushel, while the wheat brought for the same delivery 88 $\frac{7}{8}$ cents per bushel.

Grain pays at Ciceter—but look you! Ciceter is not going to be lessened in its productive power by continual cropping. Last summer 4,000 acres were summer fallowed in the most perfect manner. The fallow land was plowed, double disced and drag harrowed three times. The farmer who follows the lead of Ciceter will be guaranteed maximum crops.

Though grain is its main crop, Ciceter takes a long lead in diversified farming. It does so simply because Boyd believes that the farm he manages should supply its own food demands absolutely. He buys sugar, salt and coffee—and there he stops. Not an egg, not a pint of milk or a pound of butter, is bought for this farm. It supplies itself with these and with pork, beef, poultry and vegetables. Would that this could be said



THE LIFTING COMPLETED. PREPARING PORTABLE GRANARIES AND CAMP FOR THRESHING.

about every farm in Western Canada—and our prosperity will tremendously increase when every farmer does stand on his own legs in this way.

There is a very interesting example seen at Ciceter of the economy and general satisfactoriness of a farm's filling its own needs in preference to letting them be filled by outside purchases.

Before Boyd's time, Ciceter farm, which was not then Ciceter in name or management, lived on condensed milk and bought butter—just as thousands of our farmers are doing who ought to be supplying themselves and families with the fresh home produced articles

at practically no cost instead of paying out their good money in purchases of questionable value.

One of Boyd's first moves was to put on his farm two Holsteins and one Jersey—not blooded cattle he says, but just good honest milk cows which cost \$75 per head—cows such as any farmer can have and ought to have. These cows furnished milk and cream for the entire staff of the estate—no small number of men and women with an appetite. Think what the freshest and richest of milk meant in added efficiency to the farm help, think of the contentment it gave the workers. These things cannot be estimated in

dollars, as can the saving on the purchase of nine hundred dollars' worth of condensed milk. But evidently the three cows were not satisfied with what they had done, for they modestly presented the farm with three fine calves that soon grew up and became of equal value to that of their mothers. The herd of milk cows at Ciceter has since been increased to sixteen head, and there are also now twenty head of young cattle for beef purposes. Ciceter has a modern, hy-

in which is killed and dressed all of the meat which is used on the estate.

Water is flowing through the Pan
Continued on page 217



BOUNDING THE TURN AT THE END OF A LONG SWATH.



This department is under the direction of "Kit," who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE END OF THE AGE

THESE whom, for reasons of our own, we will call "The Watchers of the Night," are like the wise virgins, trimming their lamps, for—"behold, the Bridegroom cometh." This year of 1914 is affirmed by them to be the year of the second coming of Christ—as king—according to Biblical computation and prophecy. Quite apart from "the signs of the times" which were predicted as being evidence of the "last days"—not the end of the world, but the end of the age which would usher in the reign of our Lord,—there are many things which point to 1914 as being the Great Year. It is difficult to know just where to begin when one tries to put it down upon paper, for the topic throbs with interest and is fraught with no little awe and is, besides, not easy to make plain.

As you may know, seven is the complete number in Scripture and all the Jewish law was based on this number. For instance, there were to be six days of labor and the seventh was the Sabbath, or rest day, and after the seventh Sabbath or forty-ninth day, came the fiftieth, or day of Pentecost, when the High Priest went into the Holiest of Holies to make atonement for all the people. The law regarding the land was that it was to be tilled six years and allowed to lie fallow the seventh, and in order to let the people be sure of their food during the Sabbath years, they were told that the crop of the sixth year would be so abundant that when they came to harvest the crop of the years after the Sabbath years, they would have old store to throw away. After the seventh Sabbath year, or forty-ninth, came the fiftieth, or Year of Jubilee when all the land was re-divided equitably among the adult males, so that no man could alienate

the land from his descendants beyond the Jubilee Year.

Now the Israelites (which we now class as all Jews) observed this law—so far as we can recall from memory—for about 285 years, and then, becoming rapacious, planted the land the Sabbath year, and the crop was so abundant that they were able to sell to their Gentile neighbors and become rich. This was repeated till the tenth year when the caterpillar locust arrived and ate up all the crop and there came a famine. But that did not teach them a lesson, and the law of the land became a dead letter, and for this they were cast off and told that they would be scattered among the nations and be without a king or country for "a period of seven times."

Now from fulfilled prophecies we have learned that a "time" in Scripture is a period of 360 years, so that seven "times" would be 2,520 years, and as Zedekiah, the last King of Israel, died B.C. 606, by corrected chronology, 1914 would see the end of the "casting off of Israel," and as we know that Christ is to be their next king and will sit on the throne of his father, David—which was an earthly throne—we must naturally infer that He will come, a spiritual king—to reign over an earthly people in the land God gave unto their fathers which none of them have ever seen, showing that the resurrection of the dead must be back to this earth. God confirms this in Ezekiel in His explanation of the "vision of dry bones" which were the "whole House of Israel" and to be "taken up out of their graves and put back unto the land God gave unto their fathers."

Another illustration of the operation of sevens is the age of the Earth. With all due respect for men of science

referred to in Scripture as "falsely so-called," which makes the earth varying millions of years old—it is fairly reasonable to conclude that the six days of creation during which God worked were six periods of 7,000 years each, or 42,000 years, and that He rested on the seventh 7,000, when He turned His completed work over to man. This being the case, at the end of 7,000 years of man's rule would come the 50,000 year, or the Year of Jubilee—when the land, or earth, would be re-divided among the males. As we know that the Millennium is to be 1,000 years when man shall rest from his labors, what is more reasonable to suppose than that it will follow after 6,000 years of work, and this six thousand years will end, as far as we can learn from chronology, in 1914. Then, we are told in Scripture that after Christ has reigned 1,000 years on the earth, and put down all rule and authority—but His own—He will "hand over the kingdom to His Father, and Himself become subject to the Father, in order that God may be all in all."

This is why the Watchers of the Night are trimming their lamps for "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." This is why 1914 is expected to be the last year of the age but not of the World—the Great Year "when man shall rest from his labors." Of the "signs of the times" we hope to be able to speak in a later issue of Canada Monthly.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
Forward I look and backward, and below
I count—as God of avenues and gates—
The years that through my portals come and go.

I block the roads and drift the fields with snow,

I chase the wildfowl from the frozen fen,
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

FAWTHORNE, in one of his delightful sketches, portrays the Old Year, as an old, tired woman. Weary, bedraggled, worn by the world, she sits upon the steps of Salem City Hall. Her garments are ragged; her shoes worn to holes. Beside her stands a capacious band-box containing the trifles she has picked up in her travel through the months "to deposit in the receptacles of things past and forgotten." An odd collection surely! Here, mingled together are fashion plates, the dark hair of men, the time-stolen bloom of beautiful women, the tears of the afflicted—so soon dried!—bundles of love-letters breathing a passion which had not outlived the year, packets of broken promises, of lovers' vows, of friendships forgotten. To this old crone sitting under the city clock, steps the jaunty New Year,

young, lovely, dressed in the latest fashion. She, too, carries something. It is only a basket full of hopes and promises, new annuals and almanacs, and a few New Year's gifts for the children. The whole sketch is touched by the sad humour of Hawthorne. It fills one at once with hope, desire, and despair. Shall the New Year, so bright, so care-free, so full of grace and joy, become in a few short months like the crone who sits on the City Hall steps, old, withered, shabby, carrying about with her the broken resolutions, the faded love-letters, the smashed hopes, the utter failures? It cannot be, we say, as we pin our faith to the skirts of the New Year, and pour into her prettily decorated basket our rich hopes, our undying resolutions, our passionate love, lofty ambitions and everlasting optimism. With the same old hopeful, faithful welcome, we greet the New Year. Every New Year's Day fresh hopes are born, the soul is renewed, the body braced for the fight. We shall begin with a clean slate. Our promises shall never be broken, our love shall never die. We shall fight the good fight and win. We are gods just descended from Olympia. "The world is mine oyster and here, in my hand, lies the trusty blade, keen from the scabbard that shall cleave my way through the months to fortune, to fulfillment, to Love, the immortal." Thus say we.

After all it is probably the fact that we do receive something year by year that is worth living for, that inspires the faith and hope with which we welcome the fresh beginning. Even though the lady's bonnet-box be filled with our failures, we send her and them to the dustbin where lie the eternal years. Troubles we have had, and death and his satellite, grief, but do we not always remember the losses, the sorrows more keenly than the joys and brightnesses of the year? There are few to whom the year that has passed has not brought something worth living for. A new friendship, an increase of knowledge, a growth of faith, and access of prosperity—something to be grateful for, to be glad of. And the new path lies before us. We see it flecked with sunshine, hedged with high hope, paved with ambition; and though we may lose much—even our lives or our love,—assuredly some gain will be ours. So here's to the young lady and her basket of hopes. Here's to the lovers' vows—may they remain steadfast and true; here's to the old friends, with welcome for the new. Here's to the year that lies before us.

A vous, Mademoiselle Dix-neuf Quatorze!



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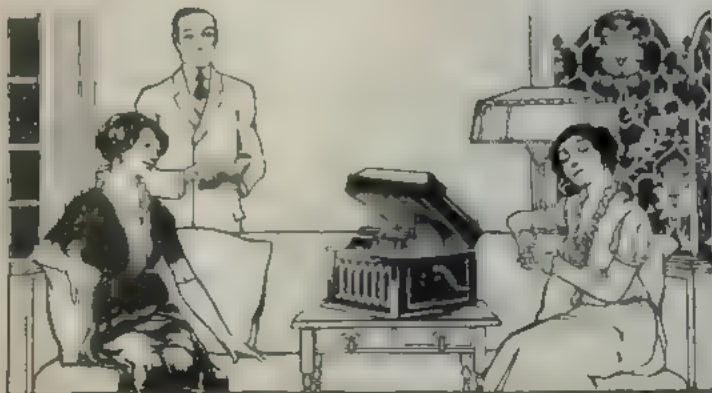
KNOWN THE

WORLD OVER

DIARIES

DEEP rooted in the human breast is the passion for eavesdropping. And reading a diary is eavesdropping of the subtlest sort. To see things from the point of view from which we are intended to see them is commonplace; but to go behind the scenes, to see the author's manuscript, the sculptor's half-finished work, the artist's sketchy conception of his great picture delights the best of us. Never can the Peckham forget the majestic exit he

made from the theatre to go behind the scenes to interview the great artiste Bernhardt. He was a cub then, and his toes trembled in his boots at the thought of meeting the magnificent tragedienne. I of even saving to his college French—"Comment vous portez-vous?" Yet no one seeing the Peckham traverse the aisle with splendid air his hair curling with importance, his air superior—as of one who pities the common people sitting there in their



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chairs for which they had paid fabulous prices—would for a moment imagine that poor fellow's trepidation and anxiety. He, the chosen one, armed with book and pencil—he,—would soon look into the long eyes of the divine one, would regard her slender liteness, would note the fashion and fabric of her garments, the timbre of her velvet voice, and recite it all in print for the common people to read over the teacups the next morning. He was going behind the scenes, which is what we all delight in; which makes us love to peep over the shoulder of Pepys as he watches his wife putting on her new black stockings, or dip into the memoirs of naughty old court ladies who have court secrets to tell.

It is this passion for eavesdropping, for going behind the scenes and watching the Bernhardt apply her dainty maquillage, that makes a diary such fascinating reading; we find out something that in the everyday course of events would be hidden from us. The same charm pervades "Confessions," and "My Past" and "Memoirs." It makes de Quincey and St. Augustine alike interesting, yet "confessions" have not quite the charm of a page from Marie Bashkirtseff or Pepys. A diary is much more convincing—a real diary, not those little books in which we moderns write telegrams of ten words or so such as—"Snow today. Turning colder. Judy had eight puppies. All black." but an ample volume whose sheets are blank of lines and cash-columns, and which does not check the imaginative romantic impulse by such useful information as "Moon rises at 7.10 A.M.," or that "Sun sets at 4 P.M."

DIARIES AND GENIUS

IT takes a genius to write a diary. He must be at once an historian, a humorist, a dramatist and a lover of detail. It is not given to everyone to appreciate trifles; in many years of journalism we met with but one man who understood the full value of detail, of the minute things that make up so much of life. It is the mediocre mind that has a passion for great achievements. Your incomplete artist will always try to produce a Battle of Waterloo six feet by twelve; your rising theologian is moved to write an enormous book on the relation of science to religion; your halfgrown schoolboy to indite an epic, three hundred pages long. When bursting with ambition we first took our "pen in hand," we felt that only a *magnum opus* was worthy of our ink. We bought reams of paper, quarts of ink, pounds of blotting pad; and squaring our elbows sought to leap into fame by means of a fat dictionary, a box of emotions, a basket of exclamation

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points, and bag of sesquipedalian words.

'Tis ever thus. We would leap into the world full grown Miltons, Macaulays, Raphaels, Beethovens. We make diaries! Leave such stuff to the miserable little Pepys, the dull Evelyns, the hysterical Bashkirtseffs!

Alas! poor little people we began and pigmies we remain.

But let us to our diaries. This is the month in which to begin the new record. We have added 1913 to the pile of little faded black and green covered books of the vanished years, and are ready to fill this, clean, red-edged, fat volume with our tawdry scribblings. There was only one diarist. He was a little man who wrote in cypher the most minute and delightful history and gossip of his time, and his name was Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

RATS

THE discovery of bubonic rats in Seattle some time ago placed that repellant little animal again in the spotlight. The other day we encountered a large, shaggy, brown haired fellow sitting sunning himself on the barn steps. He was a rat of parts—or without them—for on some ill day for him the trap had snatched off his tail and left him without that natural and useful appendage. He looked steadily out from the door for a moment, trembled, and nipped off down his hole between boards. Ever since the catastrophe which befell his tail he had defied and derided all sorts of traps. He ate the fish off one, twisted the door of another open after gobbling up the cake, and turned a third upside down as in contempt. And he is still practising these pranks. But his worst trick is the malicious manner in which he destroys what he cannot devour. Our one hope is that some day he will pay for his ravages.

The old Egyptian symbolism of the rat is utter destruction—the destruction of everything in the way of eatables from the fresh hatched chick to the choicest corn in the barn. A second symbolism among the ancients still better fits the rat's case, since it is judgment, due to the rat's gift of judging between the best food accessible and that which is not quite so good. As a scavenger—in sewers, for instance, the rat excels. This is his only claim as far as utility goes. In other matters the case is black against him. Wherever he wanders he leaves a track of pillage or death. The farmer has the heaviest score against him. Everything on the farm contributes towards the keep of this savage spoiler. Could the value of what a full grown rat consumes and destroys during twelve

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months' residence on a farm be justly computed, one would be amazed at the amount. He wastes and ruins many times more than he eats, and so desperate becomes the nuisance that often a professional rat-catcher is employed to keep down the ever increasing horde.

Apropos to this, we remember an occasion when our district in Ireland was overrun by rats, and one John Goaly—between times the village butcher—was engaged to drive them

away. The premium was five cents (or sixpence) a rat. John arrived, like the public executioner, with a bag full of instruments. Like the hangman, he brought rope, several rusty old traps, and an antiquated shot-gun—a good one, quoth he, since it peppered two absentee landlords and one gauger in its day. Thus armed, and arrayed in felt slippers, John stole about the house while the family slept all uncon-

Continued on page 221



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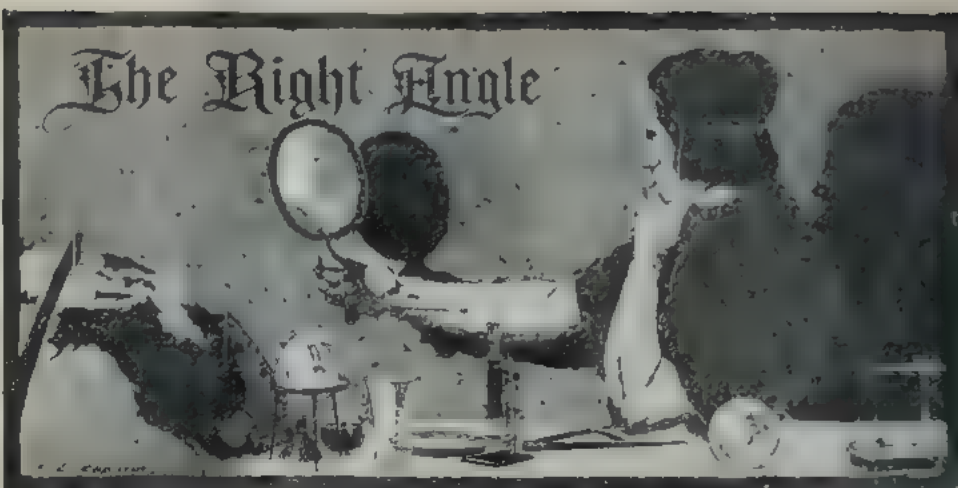
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SMUT

CANADA MONTHLY is glad to note that the so-called "sex story" is on the wane. We have been too long in the wallow. The better magazines are taking up editorially the question of smut, and making a determined stand against its appearance in their columns.

Life has always maintained that it is possible to be funny without being indecent, and through the whole wave of problem stories, and increasingly broad jests that have been flung at us alike from the printing-press and the stage, it has held to its standard of cleanliness, and has driven home some keen thrusts against the offenders. Recently it printed, without editorial comment or explanation, a dialogue between a subscription agent for a certain magazine distinguished for the class of stories it prints, and the small boy that answered his ring. "Do you take the Blank Magazine?" he inquired. "Sure!" said the youngster. "Four of 'em. One that dad hides from mother and sister. One that mother hides from dad and sister. One that sister hides from dad and mother. And one that nobody knows I've got in my room."

Editorial comment on this dialogue is superfluous. The unanimous shame of that family is self-evident, and as succinctly keen a statement of the case against the salacious magazine as we have ever heard. Some readers perhaps may laugh over it. In our opinion it is not funny. Probably when Christ drove the money-changers out of the temple there were unthinking folk who chuckled to see the grey-beard brokers run.

Everybody's and the Outlook are also against evil. Witness this editorial which appeared in the former for November.

Do you tell indecent stories to your family? Do you and your family entertain people who like, and like to tell, indecent stories? Whose but not too much? Who like to make sala-

cious allusions concerning your family's friends? Do you really like to have such people on terms of intimacy with your wife, your daughter, or your son? Or don't you manage to avoid having them around?

If you are naturally particular about the people who come within your family circle, why aren't you just as particular about the books and magazines and newspapers—which have as great an influence within that circle?

Especially the magazines. For they are the most eagerly read, the most entertaining, and hence the most subtly influential.

In large measure, the magazines follow the larger trends of popular taste and Some lead, it is true; but most of them follow the popular bent.

Just now—in fact for the last few years—we seem to have been wallowing in a bog of filth. Books, the theatre, the magazines—each purveyor of public entertainment has tried to outstrip the others in smut.

Just smut. Sometimes clever, sometimes artistic even, usually insidious, and often vulgar. But smut, just the same.

It seems almost as if we were about to live up to Shaw's characterization of us: America's official flag should be white—and black on the other side.

But every such tide of public taste and emotion has its ebb. It is now turning. At any rate, it is true that people are beginning to discover the difference between decency and smut, even when both appear in respectable form and between hitherto respectable magazine covers. But people are only beginning. Smut is still attractive, surreptitious, and profitable.

The Outlook says some direct, plain things that need to be said, and says them with its usual simple clarity:

The men who deal with sex problems on the stage or in fiction, not because these problems open up the abysses of human life, but because they appeal to physical instincts and fill theatres and sell editions, are more respectable in station than the owners of houses of ill fame, but they are in the same business; they are one and all panders, and there is no more infamous class of occupation.

The talk about art for art's sake, truth to life, daring to face the facts, is pure hypocrisy in the case of men and women who exploit passion for business purposes. . . . The and audacious, and its object is unmistakable; semi-nakedness is exploited for business purposes; it is a bid for the support of a class in the community who are attracted by indecency so long as indulgence in that taste does not jeopardize their standing as respectable people. Formerly, this kind of illustration was confined to semi-obscene journals. If those

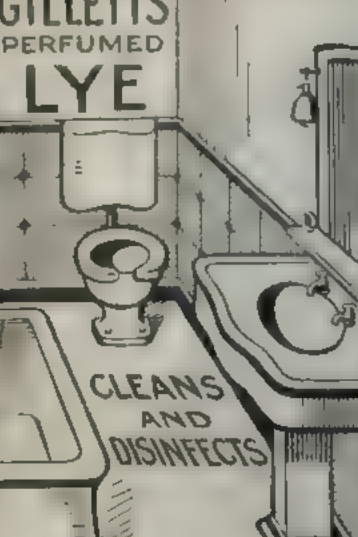
are getting along very nicely without it,



*In every
Important town and city in Canada.*

... were not for the fact that our federal
... prohibits cruel and unusual
punishment, we might make a suggestion

**GILLET'S
PERFUMED
LYE**



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AND
DISINFECTS**

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OF SINKS, CLOSETS,
BATHS, DRAINS, ETC
IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE
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add interest and zest to
your winter evenings.

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of flash-light work and the
fascination of developing and
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system—and every step simple,
easy, understandable.

OF THE KODAK SYSTEM AND THE KODAK
FILMS AND PAPERS OF THE KODAK COMPANY
AND THE KODAK PATENT FILM COMPANY

CANADIAN KODAK CO.,
TORONTO LIMITED

Because we believe in a clean magazine, because we have always believed in a clean magazine, and always will, because we have refused alike unclean stories and unclean advertising, because we feel that too strong emphasis cannot be laid on the value of publishing decent stories for people who either are or want to be decent, we are reprinting the editorial in full. And wherever in it the word "Everybody's" appears, we should like our readers to supply also the words CANADA MONTHLY. We cannot indorse the editorial too strongly, or say too plainly that we are, always have been, and always will be for decency and cleanliness in all departments of CANADA MONTHLY.

"O PIONEERS!"

WHEN Whitman sang his pagan chant to the makers of new country, he omitted to mention the newspaper man.

To-day, the keen-eyed old observer of humanity would not make that mistake. The newspaper is one of the big forces in the new towns of the west, and the newspaper owner-editor-publisher-compositor-reporter-devil is one of the most faithful and hopeful of the town boosters and builders. Ahead of the preacher, ahead of the doctor, ahead of the lawyer frequently ahead of the geographer, the newspaper man is the first of the professions to build his pine shack in the new village, import a little press, a font or so of job type, and settle down to printing the cheery, undespairsing, optimistic voice of the community.

All honor to him. All honor to his battered little trunk, and his wheezy little engine, and his subscription list that is half paid in pork and flour and the occasional festive chicken. All honor to his faith in the future of his town, and his patient upbuilding of it. He is a true pioneer.

THE COST OF WAR

THE romantic side of war has been exploited throughout the ages, and the public notion of it is glory and gallant charges, epaulets and gold lace, soldiery singing "Annie Laurie" by the camp fires, and the fanfare of bugles.

This, naturally because, as Kipling puts it, "there is more joy in England over one soldier who insubordinately steps out of a square to rescue a wounded comrade than over twenty generals slaving even to baldness over the gross details of transport and commissariat."

Taken merely as a matter of book-keeping in human lives and millions of money, the practical expense of war is astonishing.

In the first Balkan War Bulgaria lost 80,000 out of 350,000 men with an

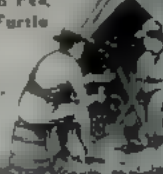
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Contents of one packet make a quart of rich, nourishing soup a plateful of which, with bread offers a delicious, sustaining meal. There are eleven varieties—each distinctive, each delightful.

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It's as easy as winding your watch.
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Ask your druggist, stationer or jeweller or write for our new catalogue showing our complete line of self-fillers, middle joint and lower joint fountain pens.

Price, \$2.00 and up.

Not connected with
The L. E. Waterman Co.

expenditure of \$240,000,000. Greece lost 10,000 out of 150,000 men with an expense of \$56,000,000. Servia sent 250,000 men to war and 30,000 were killed; she spent \$124,000,000. Montenegro furnished 30,000 soldiers of whom 8,000 were sacrificed, with \$3,000,000 spent. Turkey lost 100,000 men out of 450,000 and the loss in money amounted to \$322,000,000. In all, \$745,000,000 were spent in order that 228,000 men might be killed

The Woman of It

Continued from page 173

"Faith is what has made Canada, they tell me," he said. "I'll be happy to take a lesson from you, Mr. Monro."

"Good!" said the other man. "That's a spirit worth cultivating."

At that moment Lord Merton caught sight of Valerie. "Come," he said, "we must not take up Mr. Monro's time, and Miss Monro is signalling us." They vanished, and Monro gazed after them reflectively.

Denzil Merton was rather between two attractions. He had gone to fetch his friend from the opera house, which had been crowded from floor to ceiling.

Robert had been shouted at and applauded and made much of, enthusiasm could go no further. Perhaps he was ever so little carried off his feet by it. It was not human nature, not to be excited! He felt that he could sway these men and women, rouse their emotions, make them laugh or weep, bring back to them thoughts to which they had long been stranger, and the sense of power intoxicated him a little. He had such good eye-sight that he could watch the expression of many a beautiful face in those times, when he was not absorbed by his singing. Altogether the world was being very kind to him, so it was no wonder that Martin thought for a moment that he had rather a good opinion of himself.

And even here, in the midst of this ultra-gay throng, among these lovely and fashionable women, he felt that he had his triumph as he walked along. Women looked at him, glad to find that the hero on the stage had so heroic a look off it. In fact, one dowager expressed the public opinion when she said to her daughter-in-law, "No one man has any right to monopolize so many attractions."

The dance was just ending and the two men made their way towards Valerie. Monro watching her, thought that she knew they were coming although she stood with her back to them. He could not help waiting to see how she would greet them.

She turned at Denzil's, "Miss Monro," and held out her hand to him—then as he introduced her, she gave the slightest, the very slightest inclination of her beautiful head to Robert. It was the barest acknowledgment of the introduction, that was all.

Martin gave a little short laugh and went on watching. Robert Sinclair flushed in a hot, boyish fashion and drew himself up. But Denzil had not seen anything, he never did see anything except Valerie, when he was with her.



This is the Mayor of Spotless Town,
The brightest man for miles around.
The shining light of wisdom can
Reflect from such a polished man,
And so he says to high and low:
"The brightest use

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Some housekeepers use
three or four different
kitchen cleansers.

Economical house-
keepers use only Sapolio.

Why? Because the
many economical uses of
Sapolio are simply aston-
ishing.

Not a particle of Sap-
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Use Sapolio if you
would give all tinware a

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Sapolio will quickly scour
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grease from forty-and-one
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Sapolio is the brisk house
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around household cleaning.

It is quick to polish and
scour—slow to use up. It
cannot waste.



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FREE TOY for the CHILDREN

On request, we will mail a Spotless Town Cut-Out to children. It consists of the Spotless Town background, 8 inches long, and nine Spotless Town characters in color, which cut out to stand as placed in front of the Town. This makes a very attractive miniature town for the playroom.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company

Sole Manufacturers

New York City

The girl stooped down to the little man, "You have come for your dance," she said gently to him. "You all but lost it, you should have come earlier."

"I could not, Robert was singing," said Denzil taking her card from her and putting his name down in the space she had indicated.

"Other men came early."

"They had not the privilege of waiting for him," he indicated Robert who stood there, with a perplexed look on his face.

"Well, you cannot have everything,"

said Valerie, and then Robert turned to her. "May I hope for a dance, Miss Monro," he asked timidly for him. He had the impression that he was being snubbed.

She shook her head. "Oh no," she said quickly, "I have no dance for you Mr. Sinclair."

The impression became a certainty. Robert flushed a deep, angry red. She had not even expressed regret. If she did not feel it, politeness might have induced her to feign it, at least in her own house. But she was so

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MADE BY THE COTTAGERS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

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DAINTY HANDKIE—No. 910.—Lace 1 1/2 in. deep.

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Mrs. Armstrong having over 100 Irish peasant girls connected with the business, some beautiful examples of Irish hand-made lace may be obtained. All work being sold direct from the lace-makers, both the workers and customers derive great advantage.

Every sale, however small, is a support to the industry.



(1 1/2 in. deep.) STOCK—Wheel Design.
Price 25c. each. (Half shown.)



No. 123.—80c. per yard.

MRS. MOLLY ARMSTRONG, Olney, Bucks., England.

beautiful, as she stood there in her slim girlishness, the light shining on her brown hair, and her vivid red mouth with its slightly lifted upper lip catching a gleam from the lamps.

"I never saw a girl so provokingly lovely," he said to himself, in the midst of his irritation. "Those limpid, crystalline eyes of hers are enough to drive anybody out of his senses. If she were only alluring, it wouldn't make much difference; but that girl has a soul."

So, alas! have other men reasoned, looking on bright eyes, that may or may not be a mirror of their owner's real self. Nature paints brilliantly the things that she wishes to make attractive for her own purposes. Whether or not the girl had a soul, it was evidently not to be shown to the opera singer in private life, and Robert could only bow and turn away. He was not out of earshot when he heard an ordinary looking young man request the pleasure and receive Valerie's programme from her gracious hands.

"So the goddess does not condescend to singers, eh?" he said a little bitterly to Denzil.

The plain face of the little man grew perplexed. "I don't understand it," he said slowly. "This is most unlike her."

"I do," said Sinclair lightly, affecting a carelessness that he did not feel. He had been made so much of since his success that he was horribly hurt by Valerie's slight. "Undoubtedly, my successor is a catch."

"It's only Alington," said Merton.

"Lord Alington? Exactly. A peer."

"Oh, that doesn't count for much these days," said Merton. "Probably he is a friend of hers."

"Perhaps. Girls are mercenary, aren't they? It's the inevitable result of society, I suppose, but this everlasting bargaining is—ugh!" He made a quick, foreign gesture of distaste.

"She is not like that," said Merton soberly. "I am sure of it. Why, Bob, she was tremendously interested in you—wanted to know all about you—asked me about you the next day after I had been to see you, and seemed fascinated by everything I told her. I can't imagine what reason she had for this; but I know she must have had some good one."

"Well, we'll see," agreed Sinclair lightly. "Come along and find me some partners, warranted to be of a good disposition. I don't think I could stand another knockout in one evening—that comes of being a spoiled child, you see."

Denzil made no reply, but introduced him judiciously, and certainly Sinclair had nothing to complain of during the ensuing half hour. The debutantes were all delighted to dance with him.

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Washes clothes cleaner and whiter. Cannot possibly hurt the daintiest fabric.

Parowax has the cleansing power of naphtha and benzine. It is nature's concentrated cleansing force refined into pure white wax.

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Use William's Shaving Soaps and you will be
Saving Time



because they give a quick and copious lather that speedily softens the beard and remains cool and moist as long as you need it.

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because they prepare the beard perfectly for the razor and make shaving a relaxation.

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because you will anticipate your shave with a smile of satisfaction and not with a frown of annoyance.

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because they will make your razor and yourself the best of friends and leave a happy face soft and velvety as a boy's.

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because so little soap is required to make a big, thick, creamlike, lasting lather

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Give her Bovril

Because the Body-Building Power of Bovril has been
proved to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

Hobbs Gold Medal WASHING MACHINES

The Best the World Produces

These Machines have been produced to abolish the drudgery of Washing Day and are so constructed that a girl or boy can with them obtain far better results than their mother or grandmothers could with the time-honored method of Scrub and Rub, and that in far less time and at much less cost.

The Machine, which is illustrated below, has many unique features which commend it to the busy housewife. It is well made, the Tub is of select Swamp Cypress. Steel hoops outside and rustless steel ring in groove inside, make it the strongest on the market; Hardwood legs firmly bolted and screwed to stand and sockets. The Action is reciprocal; the motion conveyed by hand is augmented by oil tempered steel springs; Steel Balls running on hardened bearings make it the most easily worked machine yet produced. The Tub can be detached readily from the Stand so that it is quite portable, and easily moved up or down stairs, and it is so designed that it can be quickly taken apart for convenience of storing, (no small consideration where space is an object).



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Weight, crated, about 100 lbs.

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LONDON . . . CANADA.

though mothers and dowagers occasionally shot him an estimating glance. But they were all sugar-sweet to him, and his spirits revived with the return of the atmosphere he usually lived in.

"Upon my word," he said to himself, as he handed over one of the prettiest brides of the season to her next partner and saw her eyes loath to leave, "I really think that rebuff was good for me. I think too much of myself."

But Denzil Merton, sitting out his dance with his divinity, ventured upon a word of rebuke.

"You were not kind to my friend," he said to her.

Valerie played with the silk tassel that ended her long, transparent sleeve, through which the roundness of her white arm shimmered.

"Wasn't I?" she inquired, with her most innocent air.

"No." Then, "Why didn't you dance with him?"

"He came too late." She laughed. "Lochinvars must be on time in these days of taxicabs."

"But you gave Alington a dance after refusing Bob."

"Alington—is Alington." Valerie waived her fan with the air of a woman of the world. "The sweetest of ingenues enjoys feeling her power occasionally."

Merton made a sharp sound in his throat. "So that was it," he said. "I declared to Bob that it was not."

"You are not very clear," said Valerie, glancing at him under her lashes.

"He said it was a pity that all girls were bargainers, and I said you were not one of them. But it appears—" He broke off. This side of Valerie was new to him.

"Oh!" Valerie dropped her air of worldliness. "It wasn't either!" she declared femininely. "How could you? It—it was just that he came in like a sort of conquering hero, and was so perfectly sure that I had a dance all saved up for him—and—and—I'm perfectly ashamed of you, Denzil Merton!" There was something like a catch in her voice, and Denzil was instantly contrite.

"No, no, Valerie. I didn't believe it. But—you did it so flatly, you know. You hurt him more than you knew. And you said—just now—"

"I can't help what I said just now," said Valerie, injuredly. "I didn't know what you meant. But if you think that that silly Lord Alington is anything to me except a pair of feet and monocle, you are mistaken. I don't want him—and I don't want anybody else—unless I want him." The goddess was very much of a child now.

"Valerie," began Denzil, but she would have none of him. "No, don't explain," she said. "I don't think

your friend is so very much hurt, after all. He is evidently enjoying himself thoroughly now."— Sinclair had just swept across their range of vision with a delightfully pretty girl. His golden head was bent down to hers, and they were laughing together. Valerie watched them until they were hidden by the other dancers, and smothered a little sigh. "Take me back, now," she commanded.

"Say you forgive me, first. It was horribly impertinent of me to speak of it," he entreated.

"There's really nothing to forgive," she smiled. "It is good for me to be snubbed sometimes, just as it's good for him. Probably we are both of us spoiled children." She rose, and held out her hand. "Shake!" she said. "That's western talk." And Denzil took her slim hand, but instead of shaking it, he held it, and looked wistfully in her eyes.

"What a good friend you are," she said, on a lower note.

"I wish I could be a lover," he said gently. "Oh, Valerie! why do appearances count for so much? A plain little man like me ought not to be able to love so. You don't know how it hurts."

"I am a pig!" said Valerie remorsefully. "I'm sorry. Every time I play a little feminine game with you, I am as ashamed of myself as if I'd been caught stealing sheep. You take it so hard. Why in the world don't you laugh and let it go?"

Denzil shook his head. "I'm not made that way," he said. "Think of yourself imprisoned in an uninteresting little body, the best anyone could say of you that you were a well-meaning chap. You'd take life seriously, too."

"But if they knew you as well as I do, they'd say you had a heart of gold."

"A golden head is worth a dozen of 'em," returned Denzil. Sinclair was patting them again, and Valerie's eyes followed him. He was still dancing with enthusiasm, still interested in his partner, and laughing with her. Yet somehow Denzil knew that he was conscious of them both, and that Valerie was conscious sharply of him. She broke the situation, with a woman's intuitive skill.

"You must take me back," she said. "Lord Abington will be looking for me, and I really think we've given Signor Sinclair time enough."

"Why do you call him Signor?"

"Singers are always called that, aren't they?"

"Not when they are my friends."

"He isn't a friend to me, yet. The footlights are a barrier."

"They wouldn't be, if you knew him better."



THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

With the coming of 1914 The Hartford Fire Insurance Company begins the 104th year of its existence. During all these years it has not only promptly paid every individual loss, but has given safety and satisfaction to its policy holders in all the conflagrations of American history.

The Hartford stands today with large assets and ample financial resources, the leader among fire insurance companies. But its proudest asset is its reputation for commercial honor and good faith. It will sell you honest and safe insurance. Is not this the Company you want?

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"I shall never know him better," said Valerie decisively.

"If you feel like that, I suppose you never will," said Denzil ruefully.

"You mean he will never come again?"

"I don't quite see that he can."

"Have I been as rude as all that?" she asked, remorsefully, and then, with a pretty turn of her head, "Shall I try to make amends?"

"I don't think he would see it, now,"

said Denzil candidly. "You see, he has his pride, and I don't think he'd stand being patronized."

"I won't patronize him. I will be humble," said Valerie soberly.

Merton laughed, in spite of himself. "You humble?" he asked. "Well,—you are always you. Try it."

"If I had been as rude to you, would you forgive me?"

"You would not be rude to me," he said, with a quick intuition that sur-

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Enables you to clean under beds—on top doors—in any of the hard to-get-at places. This is the mission of the

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Polish

the century's greatest boon for women. No more standing on chairs, or moving of heavy furniture, or crawling under beds.

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Dept. G., Seattle, Wash



prised her. "You are always too sorry for me."

It was a true indictment, but although she did not want him to believe it, there was no time to argue about the matter, for at this juncture Lord Alington arrived.

"My dance, I think, Miss Monroe," he said calmly, and carried her away.

Denzil watched them go, and hated Lord Alington from the bottom of his gentle heart.

"They dance well," he thought. "They all dance well. They are tall and look like men and can put their arms around her waist, confound them! while I sit and look on. And she is so sorry for me that she is kind to me! My God! it's a pitiful little tragedy, isn't it?" he said to himself, trying to get his feet out of the way of a long train and knowing that its owner was anathematizing him. "I am nothing but an awkward lout."

Impatiently he made his way out of the ballroom, and joined the group of elder men at the top of the stair, where his host was dispensing whiskey and soda and joining in racy talk of politics and Canadian affairs. The music played gaily, the dancers' feet flashed over the polished floor, the candles glowed in their great Louis XIV. girandoles. There was the scent of flowers and the attractive odor of a large and well got-up crowd. Just like a ball, like anyone's ball, except that it had a snap and a swing to it—and then suddenly across the whirling dance rang the sharp cry of a woman in pain, and the acrid scent of burning cloth filled the air.

CHAPTER VI.

The music stopped in the middle of a bar, and Lord Merton found himself looking with scared eyes into Monroe's whitened face. For half a second no one moved.

"Good God! it's Valerie!" said Monroe, and in a breath, Merton knew not how, he was leaping after the long figure of the Westerner, thrusting aside the groups of frightened dancers, to a clear space in the ballroom's centre, where a golden head bent above Valerie, and long strips of delicate fabric, charred and blackened, lay scattered about her on the polished floor. A fallen wax candle, still smoking in a welter of melted grease, bore witness to the tragedy.

Swiftly Monroe slid an arm under the girl, and lifted her gently from Sinclair's supporting grasp. His blue eyes ran rapidly over her arms and shoulders, scanning the delicate skin. The burning fabrics had been torn away so quickly that she was not hurt. A red mark or two on her upper arm was all the damage, and Monroe raised his eyes to the singer's face.



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62 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

or Leeming Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

"It was you, wasn't it?" he stated rather than inquired. "Good work. Let's get her out of here."

A dozen hands offered help, but Valerie opened her eyes, and shook herself.

"I'm all right, dad," she said. Don't carry me. I'll go on my own feet."

"That's my girl," he answered, and gently helped her away through the sympathetically anxious crowd that divided to let father and daughter pass.

To be continued

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Do you know that the 1914 Overland is today the most sought after car of its type in the entire civilized world?

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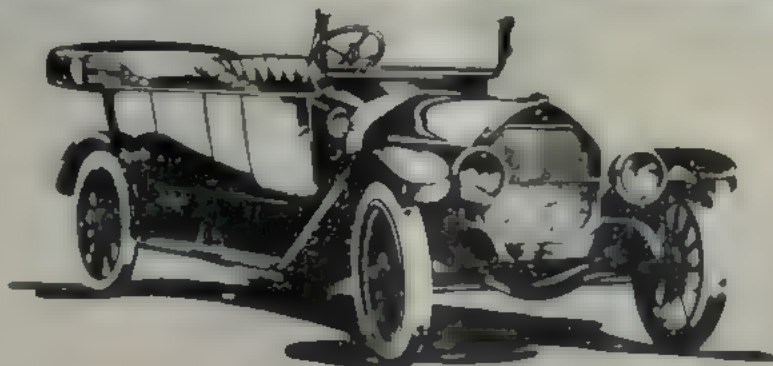
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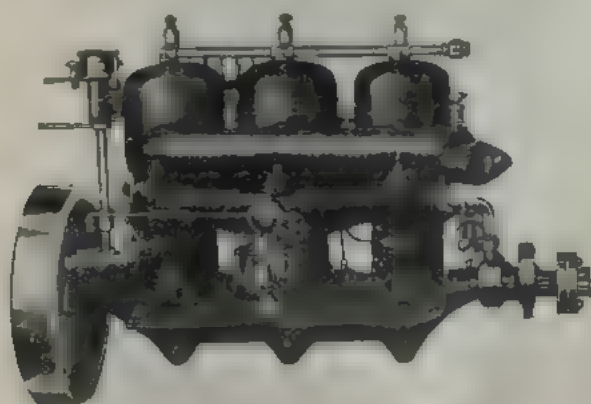
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Two Men—

Continued from page 176

"Aren't you going to say good night?"

"Good night," she echoed with a nervous little laugh. A new shyness of him filled her. Leroy—as a reality—was an unknown quantity indeed.

"That's no way to say good night," he scoffed.

"It's my way," she parried, with a touch of gay authority.

He laughed so boisterously that she glanced up at the neighbors' windows in alarm.

"Good! Now I'll show you my way."

"No—no!" She held him off in a girl's panic. "Please not to-night."

But he only pressed closer, imprisoning her in a corner of the doorway.

"I don't suppose you ever kissed a fellow before?"

"No—I never!"

"Sure not; girls never have."

"Truly, Harry—truly, I haven't!"

His answering laugh stung her. Something callous in it at once humiliated and enraged her. Tom would have believed—she thought, instinctively—Tom would have understood.

"You're going to, now, anyway," he persisted. "My girl, don't say 'no' to me!"

She had thrilled earlier in the evening at that mastery in the vibrant voice. Now her heart was knocking against her side in sudden terror of his uncomprehending strength. She became conscious, too, of his thickening speech and whiskey-laden breath.

Swiftly she evaded him, pleading, entreating, commanding. "Don't, Harry—not now, you've been drinking! Don't dare to kiss me!"

When he understood that her resistance was genuine—no feint of the game as it was usually played—the obstinacy stirred him to anger. Pinioning her guarding hands with one of his big strong ones, he caught her chin and turned it ruthlessly to him.

That one moment filled every fiber of her with quivering disgust, the insistent lips, the heavy breath, the brutal force were utterly hateful and roused a fury that trebled her strength. Wrenching free, she struck him across the mouth. The blow astounded him, he only glared speechlessly back.

"You—go!" she cried chokingly. "Go—or I'll wake the house!"

When he had gone she shrank back into the darkness, and her hands sought and covered up the shame of her face.

To have waited—for the hero of her heart, and then to have been plundered by a masquerader, coarse, half drunk—en! Her dream, with all its glory and beauty, was shattered in a thousand

fragments. She had thought that when men loved, they loved in Tom's way. Now she saw that the way was Tom's. Bitterness and smarting reproach possessed her.

"Oh, Tom—Tom," she wept softly, scarcely knowing what she said.

Then a quick thought, an overpowering impulse, sent her hurrying down the street. Neugan's home, a little old-fashioned cottage, back from the walk, and on a lower level, held no light.

He could not have returned, for the snow that had been gently falling for the last two hours was undisturbed about it. Cautiously she tiptoed down the walk, and shrank into the shelter of the doorway. It was very cold; she shivered and tried to warm her stiff hands with her breath. It was late, too—sometime after one—and utter lonesomeness possessed the silent street. There was no light anywhere, save the lamp-light, at the corner, flaring in the bleak wind. Once the sound of steps drew her peering out, but it was only a neighbor, lurching unsteadily homewards. Then a great fear grasped her. Tom was no drinking man, but now, perhaps—the fear quickened as the slow moments dragged by—endless as eternities—and then, when at last she heard his steps, heavy, deliberate, but steady; heard the click of the little gate after him, and knew that he was upon her, then, in her relief from her fears, and her confusion at being there, her knees shook under her and she drew back into the farthest corner.

"Tom," she whispered.

He stared astonished.

"It's only Amy."

"Well, what are you doing here?"

It was precisely what she did not know.

"I came—you've got my key."

Mechanically he drew it out. "You'll catch your death of cold. How long have you been here?"

"Oh—hours! I wanted—I wanted to say I was sorry, Tom, I've been dreadful. He isn't—he—oh, why did you let me go with him? Why didn't you make me stay with you?"

The eternal feminine of it staggered the man.

He did not attempt a reply.

"Say you forgive me," she begged.

"Sure, I forgive you," he answered unemotionally. "You needn't worry about me, Amy. Come on home—you're freezing."

She hung back. "Oh, Tom—I—I want to make it up to you. Ain't there something?"

She waited, but he shook his head uncomprehendingly. He had been hard hit—this talk of making it up only teased him.

She began to cry.

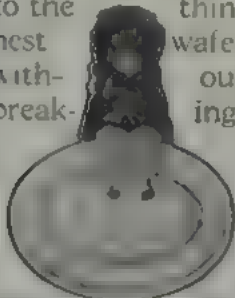
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A quick light shot into his blue eyes. His arm stiffened.

"What's he been doing to you Amy? What's the matter? I'll knock him into bits if I can!"

"Oh, no—no, it's nothing," she stammered, then illogically:

"It's you!"

"Me?"

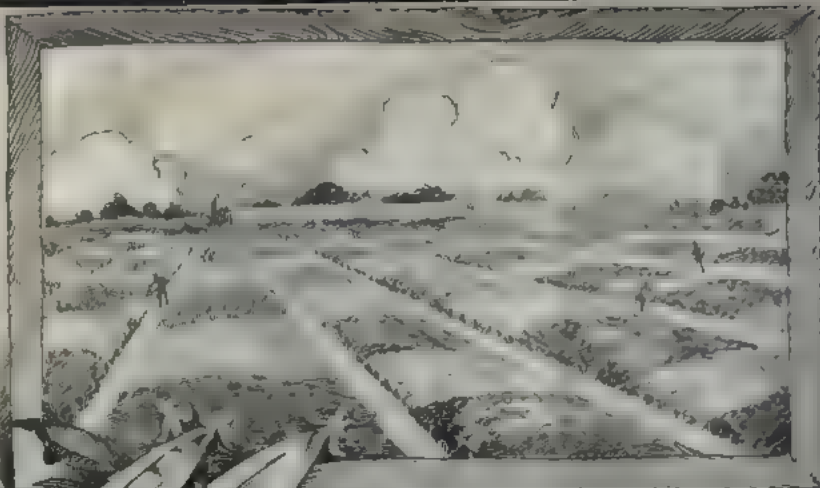
"Yes. Oh, don't you see—how it is—now?"

And as Tom, incredulous of happi-

ness, stood amazed, her slim figure swayed toward him and in the darkness he felt her flushed cheek, salt with tears, pressed softly against his.

He put a doubtful arm around her to steady her, and as he felt her yield, looked down at her tenderly.

"I'll never—never hurt you again Tom," she avowed tremulously as he gathered her to him with heart full and overflowing with his new found happiness.



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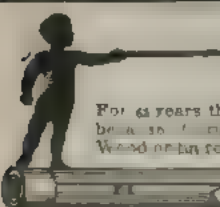
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Live by the Sword

Continued from page 185.

There had been no talk of dancing; but Mrs. Landry found somebody to play and with the very first waltz had difficulty to keep Harry and her Englishman from coming to an absurd quarrel as to which she had promised her hand. But Sidney, on the alert, managed to carry off the Englishman, and did it so well that the affair attracted slight attention. Not long after, some awkward dancer contrived to set his foot on Sidney's dress, and to rip it to such an extent that a visit to the dressing-room became necessary. She met Mrs. Landry on the way out, and that lady, more in a mood than ever to convince the world that she and Sidney were on the most intimate and affectionate terms, insisted upon going with her. She had got rid of Harry for an instant; but Sidney was still leaning on Geoffry Renshaw's arm, and he proposed accompanying them upstairs.

"I don't think you'd be of much use," said Mrs. Landry.

"Can you sew?" laughed Sidney.

Finding that they both meant to be merciless and quiz him, he gave way, somewhat sheepishly.

"I believe I have your fan," he said to Mrs. Landry. He took it out of his coat pocket, and handed it to her. Sidney saw her look a little odd, but could not understand what there was to disturb her, or make her so eager to hurry away.

The two ladies left the drawing-room, and mounted the stairs, Sidney somewhat in advance. Mr. Landry, searching for his wife, for the express purpose of signifying his disapprobation of a good deal that had taken place during the evening, caught the flutter of a blue dress on the stair-case, and followed.

He dropped his handkerchief; as he stooped to pick it up, he saw a letter lying by it, and, supposing that had also fallen from his pocket, he picked it up, peered at it with his near-sighted eyes, and, finally untwisted the crumpled sheet, and began to glance down the page, by the light an Egyptian mummy held on the landing. Only a few words then he looked up, white as a man who had met a ghost, fairly reeling, till he had to seize the banisters for support in the spasm of rage and suffering that came over him.

"I will wait for you here, in the library," Mrs. Landry said. "I'm tired to death, and can just rest comfortably, while the maid repairs your damages; they're so stupid—down stairs."

Sidney nodded, and hurried on, glad to be rid of her society on any terms for the untamed savage that women occasionally have to subdue, as well as men, was so rampant in her breast, that she found it very hard work to

"I have been very lenient to your

Stoic

"Yes; it's mine," she said, stretching out her hand to take the letter, but he held it beyond her reach.

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There was a second's silence. Isabel could not speak at first; she did not understand what motive prompted the act, but she knew that Sidney was trying to save her, and for an instant felt such fierce hatred toward her, that she was almost ready to dare everything—but only for an instant.

"Why, give Mrs. Payne her letter, Charles!" she exclaimed, suddenly, and tried to take it out of his hand; but he retreated a few steps, and remained looking from one woman to the other. Isabel followed him, and whispered bitterly, "Your pretty, modest little favorite! She came up stairs with me. I knew it must be hers, but would not say so! Before you insult me by a similar accusation, remember that I am always frank and open, and not capable of stooping to secret letters, or stolen interviews."

Sidney stood perfectly still; she was very pale, but had the air of a woman who meant to bear whatever she had brought upon herself. She could not hear what Mrs. Landry said to her husband, but she knew as well as if the words had been spoken aloud. She understood the woman's character so thoroughly, that she comprehended to be thus saved from peril would only be a ground for fresh hatred.

By a fortunate accident she had not found the maid in the dressing-room; she rang, but nobody answered, so, after looking vainly about for needles and thread, she went back to the library to ask her hostess what was to be done. She heard Mr. Landry's voice; the strangeness of it caused her to pause involuntarily. Then the first words that reached her made her understand the whole affair, only she supposed that the letter the husband had found was the one Isabel had that morning received from Harry.

She must save him—claim the letter there might be exposure, disgrace, worse than that—danger to the man she loved, if she hesitated an instant. She rushed into the room; her fright and confusion looked so like conscious guilt to Mr. Landry that he had no suspicion she was acting for any other than herself.

There was still a brief silence after Isabel's whisper, then Sidney, wild to get the fatal epistle in her hands, cried out.

"Give me my letter, Mr. Landry—I have told you that it is mine; you have no right to keep it for an instant."

Mr. Landry's face changed; the anger and absolute despair gave place to a look of mingled contempt and sorrow, but Sidney met his glance truthfully.

"Give me my letter," she repeated. "Don't you hear!" cried Isabel, trying again to snatch it from his hand.

"Wait a moment," he said, waving

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his wife aside. "Mrs. Payne, you admit that this letter is yours."

"Do you want her to say it again?" interrupted Isabel, mad with anxiety to end the scene.

"Yes," he answered. "Before she claims it—before she is willing to—I want her to look at this page."

Isabel tried to interpose between them, but before she could do so, Sidney was leaning over Mr. Landry's shoulder. She recognized the writing at once, for Renshaw had several times sent her and her husband invitations to supper. Such a sense of relief and

joy came over her that for the first time she felt weak and faint.

"Ah, you had not read it," exclaimed Mr. Landry, believing that she started back in fright.

"Do you still claim it?"

The room went round and round with Isabel; she caught hold of the chair by which she stood to keep herself from falling. Then she heard Sidney's voice, low and distinct.

"I still claim it! Give me that letter."

Mr. Landry folded up the closely-written sheet and retaining it in his hand, turned toward his wife.

"Isabel," he said, "I beg your pardon."

The wretched woman had sunk into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. Sidney stood immovable. In a moment more he went on. "Mrs. Payne, I had grown to like and respect you. I must say now, unpleasant as it is, that all intercourse between yourself and my wife must cease. I have a still more disagreeable duty to perform—I shall give this letter to your husband; it is to him you will have to answer the question as to the writer."

Isabel fairly shrieked aloud; everything was lost.

"For God's sake," she moaned, "give up the letter!"

"Let my husband see it!" exclaimed Sidney. The way out was clear at last; she could free Harry from the toils that had been about him; and whatever his anger might be, she could trust him not to expose the thwarted flirt by look or word in that presence. "Send for my husband, Mr. Landry! I will account to him; any delay on your part is only an added insult to the words you have already spoken."

Isabel Landry tried to shriek again, but could only crouch lower in her chair, with a faint gasp of mortal agony. Mr. Landry had gone; they heard his voice in the hall, addressing a domestic. Sidney stole softly to her enemy's side, and touched her hand. Isabel retreated.

"You have ruined me!" she gasped. "Oh, there's no pity, no womanhood in you."

"I have saved you," returned Sidney. "You don't know either my husband or myself, if you think we would try to harm you now."

Mr. Landry was back in the room; he walked up and down in silence. Isabel still sat with her face hidden, and Sidney stood trembling with the great joy that filled her heart.

There was a step in the gallery; Harry Payne entered, glanced about in astonishment, and said:

"What's the matter, Sidney? Did you send for me?"

"Yes," she replied, moving toward him. "Mr. Landry has found a letter



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of mine on the stairs; he feels it his duty to hand it to you, as he read a few words of it—"

"Not knowing what it was" interrupted Mr. Landry.

"Exactly; I never impute mean motives," said Sidney. "The letter, if you please."

Mr. Landry placed it in her hand. Harry stood stupefied. His first thought was, as Sidney's had been, that it was the letter he had written Isabel, and that his wife, aware of it by some means, meant to help him out. Sidney took the letter, turned the page, and her eye fell upon some lines that seemed to have been written expressly to serve

her purpose. "I am jealous of Payne. You say you despise him for his weakness and vanity; that you only flirt with him to tease his wife—"

She gave the letter to her husband and pointed to these words. He knew the writing, too; read what she wished, folded the letter, and said quietly.

"After my wife's telling you this letter was hers, you have been guilty of a great impertinence, Mr. Landry."

"Oh, Mr. Landry was good enough to suppose it a love-letter," cried Sidney. "He has already told me that all acquaintance between myself and his wife must cease."

"How very good!" said Harry, with



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a bitter laugh, while Mr. Landry stared at them both, and came to the conclusion he was out of his senses. "Sidney," pursued her husband, pitilessly, "was Mrs. Landry equally severe in her virtuous indignation?"

"That," replied Sidney, "is a question she must answer for herself."

Isabel struggled hard to get back her composure; but the scorn and contempt in the face of the man who had so lately been the slave of her merest caprice, was more than she could bear, and she sobbed aloud, in mingled rage and humiliation.

"I can only offer my excuses," Mr. Landry said. "I believed that I was doing right. Since you know what the letter is, there's an end! I did by you as I should have wished you to do had it been my wife."

"Sidney," said her husband, ringing the bell, "if you'll get my advice, order the carriage. We needn't detain either Mr. or Mrs. Landry from their guests."

"When you both have had time to think, you will at least do justice to my motives," Mr. Landry said.

"Oh, we do justice to everybody's motives don't we, Sidney?" said Harry dryly.

"Perfectly," she answered. "I assure you, Mr. Landry, I am not angry. I'm very much obliged to you, on the contrary."

"And I," he said, "am only too thankful to find that you are what I always thought you, one of the best little women I ever met. Isabel, I will go down stairs; try and persuade our friends to forgive me—you know how sorry I am."

As soon as he was out of hearing, Harry moved towards Mrs. Landry, and said,

"Let me restore this letter to its rightful owner. I may not have another opportunity, as I am only too happy to share in the verdict of dismissal which has been pronounced against my wife."

Another instant, and Isabel Landry was alone. She had just strength to dart to the fire-place, and burn the fatal letter; then, for almost the first time in her life, fainted completely away.

Sidney had won her husband once and forever; and when he made his confession, she was not slow with hers, for she felt, what everybody must, sooner or later, that there can be no possibility of peace for two married people, who have joined their lives, while there was a secret left unrevealed.

"Smoking again? I thought you'd cut it out."

"Well, you see, when I've convinced myself that I can cut it out whenever I want I start smoking again."

Sorrow of Toronto

(Continued from page 103)

tory sentence she should have had before she had Millie, and the little family is institutionated abroad upon the world.

"I'd like to know where Kathaleen is," said the old voice sadly, "she was that pretty!"

Nowadays Kathaleen's one-room home is tenanted by Mrs. McNamara and the less said about her the better too. She does washing by the day, though, when she can get it, taking her two children over to her late-lamented husband's mother. The late-lamented isn't dead, just tramping, and his unfortunate wife is rather glad of it. When the mother-in-law isn't accommodating, which sometimes happens, the youngsters are locked in the room. There was a fire the other day and Mrs. Wilkins "rescued" her feather bed and the Jew lady's youngsters, but the fireman had the situation in hand before she remembered the other children who might have been tucked in between sheets of flame and nobody the wiser.

The other room downstairs has three men in it, labourers and roustabouts all. In the pre-Mercer days of Kathaleen's immoral but freehanded mother, Mrs. Wilkins did many a quarter's worth of washing for the second floor, but the present female tenant is a washlady by trade.

And the men don't seem to ever get any done, Miss, and as for scrubbing floors, they've got a carpet on now, so they never need none."

As we crept downstairs in the unpurgated twilight where the odors held carnival, the nurse reminded me of the jobbses whom I had visited one day last winter. The father of the eleven open-mouthed young ones in the sixteen a month house earned ten dollars a week. The mother searched the bargain counters, did the sewing, cooking and cleaning. Mary, aged thirteen, sworn fourteen, worked in a factory. Hattie, aged ten, practised on the washboard every day after school.

"But they'll pull through, I think," said she with constitutional hopefulness, "for he doesn't drink and they're none of them lazy."

When drink enters into the problem, as it does more often than not, it complicates it tremendously. Authority looks with the uncompromising eye of disapproval upon brutal father and wretched mother, and rightly, for the human animal, bereft of such slight varnish of civilization as is worn even in the Ward, does strange and terrible things. To wiser heads than those of the petting and curious children, the problem of poverty compli-

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cated by drink is hopelessly puzzling.

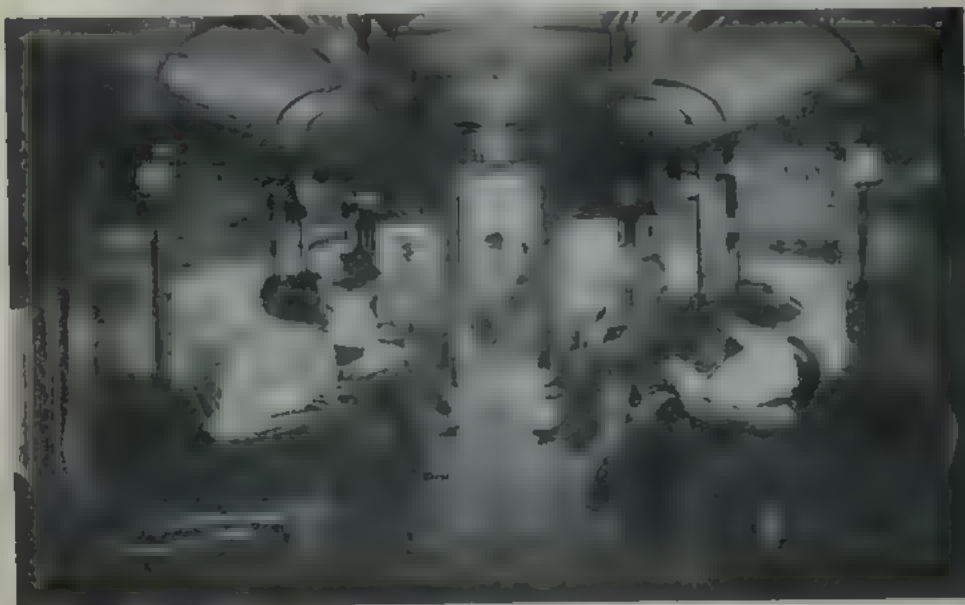
Rena's is a harder case. She was seventeen, and a braver little heroine never wore her shoes out looking for a house to live in that had been condemned by the Health Department and therefore, in the interval before demolition, could be rented cheaply enough to pack in the five youngsters, the tubercular mother and the father who was never himself when sober.

The mother died, thanks to the fact that occasionally puts a stop to the population, and the poor little misfit

tubercular baby went with her. The load wasn't too big for Rena now, as it had been. She could carry the four brothers and dad. But Authority couldn't stand for such a menage. Dad was sent to the Jail Farm, the brothers were C. O. D'd to various institutions and Rena, the mother-heart of her bleeding, was left to walk upright when all she wanted was her load.

Maybe it's best. Maybe Rena couldn't have loved them back to depths. But the nurse thinks she

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**"\$OO"
LINE**

The King's Highway

Continued from page 160

except on certain days of the week.

Altogether, the total provincial expenditure in 1912-1913 amounted to about \$10,000,000. Compare this with figures south of the boundary for a moment. In 1904 the state of New York provided an appropriation of \$50,000; in 1909, it was providing \$50,000,000. Do we need to go any farther?

Somebody may ask here, "What is a good road?" According to the good roads advocates, it is:

1. A road that is smooth and remains so, and imposes the least resistance to travel.
2. A road that is built of material which is lasting, and not affected injuriously by rain or frost.
3. A road that is good at all times. A road that is good at certain seasons and bad at others, depending on the weather, is not a good road. It may fail when most needed.

Such a road is the Pacific Highway, and such should be the Canadian Highway that the good roads enthusiasts prophesy for the Dominion. Some people have called the idea of a main road reaching from coast to coast a chimera. But it is not; neither is a new idea. Long before steam engines rumbled their way across old Ontario, the men of that day had a vision of a highway from sea to sea. At the time of confederation a transcontinental road was one of the inducements offered to the western provinces—a promise that to-day still stands unredeemed.

To-day, the sentiment in favor of good roads is stronger than it has ever been before, the recognition that good roads are a necessity, not a luxury, is general, and becoming even more so. The people demand good roads, and are sending men to their councils, their legislatures and parliaments pledged to work for them. The good roads associations are helping the movement by disseminating information, giving lectures, and sending deputations to wait upon governments when measures favorable or inimical to our highways are before the deliberative bodies. The Ontario and Manitoba Good Roads Associations are doing good work. The Canadian Highways Association is carrying on an extensive propaganda urging the construction of the national transcontinental highway.

W. J. Kerr, the president of this last association, is well known on the Coast as one of the most prominent good roads enthusiasts. He was one of the first Canadians to join with the people of the United States in constructing the Pacific Highway. Possessed of large means, he has contributed \$10,000 towards the expense of the first year's work of the association, and has volun-

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teered to shoulder the financial responsibility necessary to assure the success of the propaganda for the next few years. T. S. Baxter, mayor of Vancouver, is the treasurer, and Frank E. Mutton, of Toronto, is first vice-president. The list of members of the executive council include Mr. A. E. Todd, of Victoria, who achieved some measure of fame by pathfinding on the route of the Pacific Highway, being the first automobilist to make the through

trip from Tia Juana to Vancouver. W. A. Anderson, of St. John, N. B.; George A. Simard, of Montreal; W. G. Trethewy, of Toronto; J. W. Fleming, of Brandon; Geo. Thompson, of Indian Head; James McGeorge, of Edmonton and George Black, of Dawson, are the other members of the council. There are also a number of district representatives in each province, these gentlemen having jurisdiction over their particular locality. Th

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officers of the organization frequently find scope for their usefulness in the districts where they reside, on occasions when questions affecting the improvement of local roads are being discussed.

On the lower mainland of British Columbia, for instance, there is a very bad piece of road between the cities of Vancouver and New Westminster. With a view to having this state of affairs remedied an association was organized in the winter of 1912, known as the Westminster Road Improvement Association. The officers of the Canadian Highways Association co-operated with this body and attended a large number of meetings and deputations, speaking not only in favor of this particular stretch of road, but with a view to creating an interest for good roads all over Canada. As a result of the agitation in this district a large grant was made by the provincial government for the improvement of this particular stretch of road, and work is now well under way which will before long make this inter-city artery a splendid highway.

It often happens that a member of the Canadian Highways Association wishes to bring to the attention of his local council the condition of the roads in his district. In this the assistance of the officers is often sought, and always cheerfully given.

At the association's headquarters, in New Westminster, is maintained a bureau of information and statistical department that is always at the service of any member of the association or any one else interested in good roads. No charge is made for advice or information unless considerable clerical work is necessary, when a small fee is charged, and this only to non-members.

Physical difficulties, long thought unsurmountable, hinder the building of the Canadian Highway in British Columbia. No province in the whole Dominion has so much to overcome in the scheme of this transcontinental road, but engineering skill and a wise expenditure of millions of dollars are working wonders. Mountain paths for years believed passable only by a sure-footed burro or packhorse, when thoroughly surveyed and explored, have given place to wagon roads, the steepest gradient on which does not exceed eight per cent. and on which the average is only three per cent. A way is hewn through a forest of pine, cedar and hemlock, a bridge is thrown across a deep abyss or roaring chasm, a gap is cut in the mountain's side, a steel structure spans the barrier of water, and the road is built.

Road-building in British Columbia is more than a business. It is a science. No two sections of the country require like treatment. Topographical diffi-

culties beset the pathmaster at every stage. Sometimes the trouble is to find a suitable grade; sometimes the difficulty is in the shifting substrata, sometimes in a sliding mountain, sometimes in the absence of necessary road-building material. But all of these difficulties are somehow always overcome or avoided, and before long the British Columbia section of the Canadian Highway will be advanced sufficiently so that an automobile will be able to make the trip from Vancouver to the border line of Alberta, and on into that province for a considerable distance.

The prairie provinces have their difficulties to face in this great road construction scheme. Earth roads, primitive in many places, bad nearly everywhere, are all that Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba can boast of at this stage, and the problem which the Canadian Highways Association has to face is more one of rejection than selection. For a couple of hundred miles eastward from Winnipeg, no road at present exists, and a similar difficulty is to be faced around the great lakes. But with the hearty co-operation of the provincial department of public works of Ontario these difficulties will be eventually overcome. Quebec and the maritime provinces already have good roads, but these need linking one with the other and welding into a uniform stretch.

From the western limit of Vancouver Island to the city of Halifax, the Canadian Highway is to be studded with diamond shaped signs, showing the cardinal points with a little black arrow pointing east. The first of these signs was planted, with much form and ceremony, in the picturesque village of Alberni, on May 4, 1912, by President W. J. Kerr, in the presence of twelve hundred persons, nearly all of whom had travelled from three to six hundred miles to witness this unique and interesting event.

The route of the Canadian Highway, while it is yet subject to change, has been outlined as follows:

Alberni to Nanaimo; Vancouver, Westminster, Chilliwack, Hope, Princeton, Rossland, thence to Trail, crossing the Columbia by the new bridge now in course of erection, and via Summit Creek, along the old Dewdney Trail to Creston, thence following the main trunk road into Alberta. From the British Columbia boundary the road goes almost direct to Macleod, thence on to Lethbridge and Medicine Hat, partly over the old surveyed trail, and partly on road allowances; from Medicine Hat the road is through Coleridge, Irvine and Walsh, thence on to Maple Creek, just outside the boundary line. Entering Saskatchewan the road heads almost directly for Swift Cur-

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rent, thence it follows closely the Canadian Pacific Railway to Waldeck, thence east across Lake Chaplain, then following the north boundary of township sixteen through Moose Jaw to Broadview, and from there following a south easterly direction, part of the way on surveyed roads paralleling the Canadian Pacific Railway, in line to Fleming, thence straight east to the Manitoba boundary, striking this province at the north east angle of section one, township thirteen, range thirty, west of the first meridian. Through

Manitoba the road is through the oldest settled districts of the province, traversing the cities of Brandon, Portage la Prairie and Winnipeg. East of Winnipeg there is a good road for about twenty miles, after which sparsely settled country is entered. The road along the great lakes is not yet outlined, but it is the intention to touch at Port Arthur, the Soo, Parry Sound and then head almost due east for Ottawa. From the capital city the route is towards Montreal, passing probably to the south of this city.



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and stretching east to Sherbrook, where it will swing northeast, paralleling the boundary line of the state of Maine, taking a south easterly direction a few miles from Riviere du Loup and then by the most direct route through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to Halifax, touching at Moncton and Truro on the way to the eastern terminus of a gigantic King's Highway.

It is difficult to ascertain the cost of the building of this road; because much of it is already built. But for the purpose of an estimate it may be assumed that it will cost in the neighborhood of \$6,500 per mile. As the road will be approximately four thousand miles in length, this means \$26,000,000 or less than five dollars per capita of Canada's population. The maintenance of this road will probably mean ten per cent. of the construction cost, or \$2,600,000 per annum, a small amount indeed compared to the immense saving which will be derived from the opening of this great highway.

It is intended that the financing of this road will be carried out jointly by the Dominion and by the Provincial authorities, the Dominion Government furnishing fifty-one per cent. and the Provincial forty-nine per cent. of the cost. The control of the highway will be in the hands of the federal authorities.

The provincial authorities, however, will have the actual spending of the money, but they will work under the direct supervision of the federal authorities. The engineers will oversee all work carried on and will have the power to make any necessary changes or alterations. The work would have to be done according to a definite standard, exception of course being made for places where physical conditions would render this impossible.

A review of the scenic attractions along the route of the Canadian Highway is impossible in the limited scope of this article, the many and diversified attractions of each province meriting individual treatment.

Much has already been written of the beauties of British Columbia, but there is no use in trying to tell about them on paper. The chronicler may sit down with his conscience on one hand and the shade of John Knox on the other, determined to state simply the bald, inalterable facts—and before he has written three lines his copy bears the mark of the enraptured ad-writer describing a choice subdivision in Heaven. The chronicler knows. He tried it. British Columbia must be seen from the Canadian Highway to be believed. The prairies have a charm of golden grain and wide sky as singular as that of British Columbia's peaks and valleys; and the rock-ribbed



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The Canadian Pacific Railway Company offers you the finest irrigated and non-irrigated land along its lines at low figures—lands adapted to grain growing, poultry raising, dairying, mixed farming, and to cattle, hog, sheep and horse raising—in the Prairie Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

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An offer of a \$2,000 loan for farm development only, with no other security than the land itself, guarantees our confidence in the fertility of the soil and in your ability to make it prosper. Prosperity for you and traffic for our lines. The \$2,000 will help you erect buildings and put in your first crop, and you are given 20 years to fully repay the loan. You pay only the banking interest of 6 per cent.

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When the men of vision first presented the idea of a line of railway flung from coast to coast, those who heard it laughed. There were big men and wise who prophesied that it would be a gigantic commercial failure, earning not enough to pay for the axle-grease. Even so to-day, there are many who say that a transcontinental highway is unnecessary and impracticable. Time will show the right of that. But in the meantime we will have something more to say of the faith that is in us.

Continued from page 167.

"He's answering," she trilled.

"What does he say?"

"What's all this dam' row about?"

she translated and bit her lip and frowned and wrinkled with amusement and confusion. A woman sometimes gets it stiff monkeying with a man's job.

"Tell him," I shrilled, "that we're ankees, seeking protection under the ankee flag, in a Yankee harbor. The captain will drop for that. He's a yermonter, that I know."

She told him

The enormous steamer, flying her gallant red-white-and-blue, shifted, put on swiftness, and, just as the Vampire nicked a shot through our masts, paraded with a pompous grace between us and the police boat of the Newfoundlanders. Side by side, while the Vampire vainly manoeuvred for vantage, we swung up the harbor and the sun tore the clouds apart to wink down upon us with a boozy eye. Rolly on the bridge was shouting orders at the pilot-house, Marcia and I hung on the bow and winked back at the sun, half-drunk ourselves with joy

"We've got through," she sobbed and laughed together, and suddenly I realized under what a strain she had been for us. All along I had known what it was to feel like a hounded criminal, but it had not occurred to me that she had felt it, too—and the added responsibility of rescuing us from the tangle we had got into. I laid a swift hand on her shoulder. "It's all your doing," I said, and there was a catch in my voice. Suddenly something thrilled in me, and I tightened my grasp on her shoulder.

"You've everything now," she murmured and turned those wonderful eyes up at me again, "everything."

"Not everything," I answered sadly, "and am not like to have. The handsome fellows, like Rolly, get the sort of

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thing I wish most. I suppose he's won that now." I gazed down upon her miserably.

The puckers wizened in between her brows, her face became all one puzzle; then suddenly she understood and was girlish and blushing and exceeding sweet to look upon. She twisted her face clean away and I dared not make a sound, waiting. When her eyes danced back they were bubbling with laughter.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, Rob?" she quavered.

Working the Biggest Farm in Canada

Continued from page 187

ama Canal to-day—a year ahead of time. The world has stopped and wondered at this, a government job completed far ahead of scheduled time; completed at less than the estimated cost, though several unforeseen accidents occurred in the shape of landslides which added enormously to the expense of the "ditch"; completed with a minimum loss of life and health in a country where the grim reaper had taken a fearful toll in human life when the same job was attempted years ago.

Not only has the world's biggest job been done successfully, but it has been done with an efficiency which the world never saw before on an undertaking of such magnitude. And Europe and America wanted to know the reason. It can be found in the carrying out of one idea—care and human consideration of the man who does the work, in every phase of his being—an idea as old as the race, but one which has found such a great exposition on the job at Panama that it has struck the world as a new and tremendous conception. Conditions affecting health were first made right for the workman, then he was given comfortable, hygienic housing and clean nourishing food. His intellectual, recreative and spiritual wants were cared for, and finally in the doing of his work he was given not only big pay but the much greater incentive of rapid promotion and reward for every idea, suggestion or invention which made it possible to move more dirt in less time, to handle more concrete or in general to make things move faster, cheaper or better in digging "Goethals' Ditch."

And what has all this got to do with the biggest farm in Canada, you ask? Just this. Boyd is applying this same principle to the running of his farm, and he has done so since the beginning of his management. And Boyd will tell you, as he told me, that it pays.

During the spring or seeding time Ciceter estate employs twenty-five to thirty men. And when the harvest comes you will find at work from eighty to ninety men. Does this number seem small or large? It is large considered as the number of hands on one farm, but small if you think of the harvest that is handled so efficiently. Many of these men are home-steaders. They fulfill the legal requirements of residence on their own farms near by, and make neat additions to their incomes by lending a helping hand at Ciceter during rush seasons. The average wage of the hands who remain the greater part of the year is thirty



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five dollars per month. The average during harvest is \$2.50 per day.

Ciceter has never had trouble in obtaining plenty of high-class help, not even at harvest time. Since all America suffers more or less from shortage of laborers in the harvest, there must be a reason for abundant help at Ciceter. There is! Boyd's establishment is known as a place where beds are clean and good, and where the inner man can have plenty of the best food the country affords.

Fresh meat, fresh eggs and milk are supplied the workers at all times besides an abundance of vegetables and everything else that goes to make up a well-filled table.

The old and barbarous to those with less than a farm hand's appetite. New England custom of having pie and cake for breakfast still holds good at Ciceter. Never a meal th served during harvest season which does not offer at least two kinds of cake and a

workers boast the best doughnuts on earth, and perhaps they are, for with cooks who know their business and freshly rendered lard from hogs grown on the place, they ought to be!

The cooks are frequently the wives of the homesteaders mentioned. They are not merely good cooks, but invariably they are good motherly, middle-aged housewives who care for the men as only such women can. Having women of this sort on the farm gives it a homelike and refining character that never yet existed in an exclusively man-made camp. Everything is comfortable, everything is clean, including the talk of the men, for at Ciceter there is a notable absence of profanity and objectionable speech of all kinds.

If any man is sick, he receives home treatment as well as the medical attention provided at the expense of the farm. If any man's socks need darning, these kindly women look after this. A farm worker at Ciceter is a man at home, that's all—but home is the best place man can be!

Getting back to another feature of the Panama idea, at Ciceter every man from chore boy up to master mechanic and superintendent is urged to be a man of ideas for the improvement of the farm and methods of doing the farm work. And promotion and remuneration come to the man who does use his brains at Ciceter.

If you were at Ciceter on a certain day each week, you would see something most unusual—farm work suddenly stopped, automobiles going about gathering up the farm hands and everyone making for an appointed place of meeting, a parliament of husbandmen. It may be during the gathering in of a bumper crop when every hour of work is worth money, it may be at a time when work is not so urgent, but whatever the condition of business, for this weekly exchange of ideas everything stops for two solid hours!

One privileged enough to be present at such a meeting would see Boyd presiding, drawing out by persuasion and questioning from the not too fluent speakers gathered there the ideas, plans and suggestions that mean the betterment, progress and greater profits of Ciceter Estate.

Boyd says it is a remarkable fact that the valuable ideas most frequently come from those in the lowliest positions on the farm. This is perhaps accounted for by the general efficiency of things there, for which the foremen, under Boyd, are responsible, and having attained this perfection of work as a whole, it is in the details only of carrying it out that improvements may be made. And the small man who looks after the details is of course the one who sees them, and at these



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Hit Hard, Shoot Far, Last Long

They are perfectly balanced, handsome'y finished and "All British" made. The barrels are bored upon the Greener Field Cup winning system guaranteeing regular distribution of the shot over long series and maximum killing power.

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of
Imitations
Sold
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sessions tells how they may be improved.

As I said, two hours of every week are given to this congress of Ciceter workers. It is popular with the men because it gives them something to look forward to—promotion! The teamster by springing an idea may become foreman; the engineer's helper may become engineer; the foreman and master mechanic may prove they are live wires; from the minutes which are carefully kept, the management has material on which to base progress;

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A Correspondence Course in the Art of Writing Short Stories.

One student writes: "I know that you will be pleased when I tell you that I have just received a check for \$125 from 'Everybody's' for a humorous story. They ask for more. I am feeling very happy, and very grateful to Dr. Knowles."

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and not least important of all, general good feeling and understanding are promoted.

Boyd has acted as host on the Ciceter estate to many persons of distinction, members of the nobility from England and financiers of note from the United States and Canada. No one ever visits Ciceter without acquiring a broader idea of the possibilities of agriculture, without getting a deeper perception of the truth that Western Canada has already taken its place as the greatest granary of the world.

Boyd tells with pleasure of a four mile trip in a traction engine which a certain titled lady took with him around a section of land at Ciceter. With great delight she played the part of engineer, and Boyd says the machine rose to the occasion, the engine behaved beautifully and the harvesting machines behind, cutting the golden grain, worked with a will to show their best manners.

And it is no wonder that titled ladies should feel something of the romance of the working of the gigantic equipment at Ciceter. A conservative estimate of the value of the farm's machinery is \$110,000. There are seven 40-horsepower gaso-line traction engines which are tireless workers for twenty-four hours a day during a good part of the year. During the breaking season, April, May and June, these engines each haul eight plows when virgin soil is being torn up; and in turning over the land for summer fallow in May, June and July, each engine pulls ten plows. Again in September and October, these oxen of steel work day and night continuously on fall plowing. Where a man and horse can plow two acres a day, these engines with gang plows, in charge of an engineer and a plow man, tear up thirty-five acres of soil per day of twenty-four hours.

Harvesting a great grain crop is a sight which for beauty and interest is unequalled in the world of agriculture. And the harvest at Ciceter is the king of all these sights. Thirty-five binders may be seen at work. Each traction engine hauls eight binders, each binder in charge of a driver. The swath of each binder is eight feet so with eight binders at work the vast sea of grain falls beside the reapers in a path sixty-four feet wide—this behind each engine. With thirty-five binders at work, think of the grain that is cut bound and stacked in the course of a day's harvest at Ciceter.

The estate owns its own threshers and the operating of them is hardly less interesting than that of the harvesting machines. An unusual feature of the threshing at Ciceter is the use of portable granaries. As the threshing progresses these granaries

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

à la Quina du Pérou

THE BIG BRACING TONIC

What the Doctor ordered

"Of all drinks wine is the most profitable, of medicine most pleasant, and of dainty viands most harmless".

PLUTARCH, (A.D., 26)



Good Health To All

Such ailments as General Debility, Loss of appetite, Sleeplessness, Extreme Nervousness, Bad Colds, Brain-fag, Anæmia, Chlorosis, La Grippe, Dyspepsia, Lassitude, Exhaustion, Etc., can be rapidly dispelled by a few generous glasses of **Wilson's Invalids' Port** (à la Quina du Pérou).

Dr. R. Lawrence, the eminent Physician, says:

"I had recent occasion to prescribe Wilson's Invalids' Port to a patient who had been suffering from a severe attack of La Grippe, with great satisfaction to myself, and to the patient who made a rapid recovery."

R. Lawrence

2 M

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

BIG BOTTLE

ALL DRUGGISTS

which have a total capacity of 75,000 bushels are moved from section to section, taking care of the grain which accumulates more rapidly than even the wagon trains of ten wagons each hauled by a tractor can dispose of.

These wagon trains are a pretty sight, and the work they do is on a big scale like everything else on the big farm.

Ciceter has its own elevators with a total capacity of 60,000 bushels. The wagon trains work direct between the

threshers and the elevators, and from time to time deliver the portable granaries of their wheat to the market. At Ciceter the grain is threshed during time three or four days, then taken to the elevator. The grain is then an hour, each train carrying a whole carload of grain. When the train reaches the elevator the grain is emptied and loaded by the elevator into the railroad cars in a few minutes time.

The best of the wheat is sold to the



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in store**

H.P. Sauce

Everybody is delighted
with the new and deli-
cious flavour of H. P.

Grocers and
Stores here
are selling
H.P. freely.



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Drink Western Canada's
Favorite Beer

**Redwood
Lager**

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Pies, Puddings, Sauces and
Ice Creams. All True
Vanilla. Extract of
Mexican Vanilla Beans. Sur-
passes all in quality, strength

**Shirriff's
True Vanilla**

will break, and this contingency is not unprovided for at Ciceter. Boyd has installed a modern and fully equipped blacksmith and machine shop. It has a powerful engine lathe and the equipment which one finds in any large and first-class machine and iron and steel working shop. Fully ninety per cent of the repair parts of all machinery used on the farm are manufactured on the estate—the very climax it would seem of the whole idea of modern scientific farm management. The machinist in charge of this shop is an experienced man from one of the international tractor and harvesting machinery companies.

If you have now considered the marvels of the mechanical end of modern farming to your satisfaction, let us refresh ourselves at one of the numerous natural springs on the farm—not forgetting that gasoline machinery does the pumping for us—and before saying farewell to Ciceter Estate get back to first principles and old delights in farming by taking a look at our never failing, ever indispensable friend—the horse!

Where machinery does everything, what are horses for, ornaments?—you may ask. Though it seems so sometimes at Ciceter, machinery really does not do everything in farming, and though predictions as to the future product of inventive genius are hazardous, it is fairly safe to say that it will be many a day before the horse is dispensed with on the farm. Though automobiles are used extensively at Ciceter, yet the manager and the foremen use some of the finest type saddle horses in Western Canada for getting from point to point of this sixteen square miles of farm. Then the horse is thoroughly reliable in all kinds of weather. He can go through snow and over ice and deep in mud, and do so gallantly where the most powerful engine flounders helplessly. Then for gardening and the small work about the farm the horse is as useful as he ever was and is likely to remain for years the faithful servitor of man on the farm.

A look at the stables of the Ciceter Estate convinces us that Boyd knows horse flesh. Besides the blooded saddle horses, we see thirty-two of the finest types of Clydes and Percherons for working purposes.

The results of grain farming on this estate have added to the glory of the prairie provinces as earth's greatest grain country; the mixed farming methods practiced here might well serve as models for all Western Canada, the profits made we may well believe have been great. And a point that should not be overlooked is that the scientific working of the land has increased its value intrinsically from twenty-five dollars an acre—the price

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correct style.

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Jackets**

Jaeger Dressing Gowns for men are made from pure wool cloths and pure undyed camel hair fleeces. The pure wool gowns are in fancy checks, plain colors and figured designs. The camel hair is particularly attractive and comfortable.

Smoking and Lounge Jackets are made in equal variety of the same materials and fashioned to please the most fastidious men. In sizes from 36 to 46 chest.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM 

Limited
352 Portage Ave., Carlton Block,

of raw land in the vicinity—to forty dollars an acre.

Shaking hands with L. Benson Boyd on leaving, we realize that the fourteen years he spent in land cruising for one of the coast-to-coast railroads and in roughing it on the farms of Western Canada were years productive of big ideas and of the stamina to make them realities. The farmers are the backbone of the nation and he is a mightily live nerve in its spinal column, a captain of the world's greatest industry. And he's young still—only thirty-three

Nurse Lind's Heart

Continued from page 180.

rolled his head from side to side a moment, and relapsed into lethargy.

"There!" said Dr. Frain, turning from the unconscious man, syringe still in hand. "You aren't the only one who can give hypodermics."

The professional manner of Nurse Lind wavered, and broke. They laughed together, softly. One laugh like that is worth a dozen dances in friendship power.

"How did you make it?" he demanded, when they had caught their breath.

"Just sneaked out in a minute when all the nurses had gone. I nearly stifled in that little cupboard. I had to get out, or faint and fall out; and—can you imagine Sister Martha picking me up?"

"You're sure you are all right now?" asked the doctor anxiously.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, and somehow, for no accountable reason, she flushed again. "Perfectly. But I must go now. This is dreadfully unprofessional. I don't know what you can think of me,—but really—" she turned wistful big eyes up to him, like a child repentant for a fault—"I'm *not* in the habit of things like—like this, and I'm dreadfully sorry, Dr. Frain."

Mrs. Dr. Frain has great difficulty in making her husband believe it was simply strychnine she used in her hypodermic, for he vows that his heart has never been normal since.

Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 191.

scious. Of late, the rodents had become bold. A maid woke one morning to find a lady rat and her young ones occupying a nice nest on the clothes which had been neatly piled on a chair beside the bed. Another employee of the house had had her lip pierced by a rat while she slept. It was found necessary to pinch him with a hot tongs before he would let go, so all told, the arrival of old John Goaly was greeted with cheers. The first night John caught sixteen, which he proudly exhibited next morning and was paid for. The next, he caught fifteen, and so on, one less each night until he found himself with four or five high-smelling gamey ones. These he threw in all together as it might be on bargain day—so to say. Thus was he paid many times over for the original rats until the job-lot betrayed him in malodorous fashion, and he was kicked out by a stable hand whose delicate sense of smell he had offended by wip-

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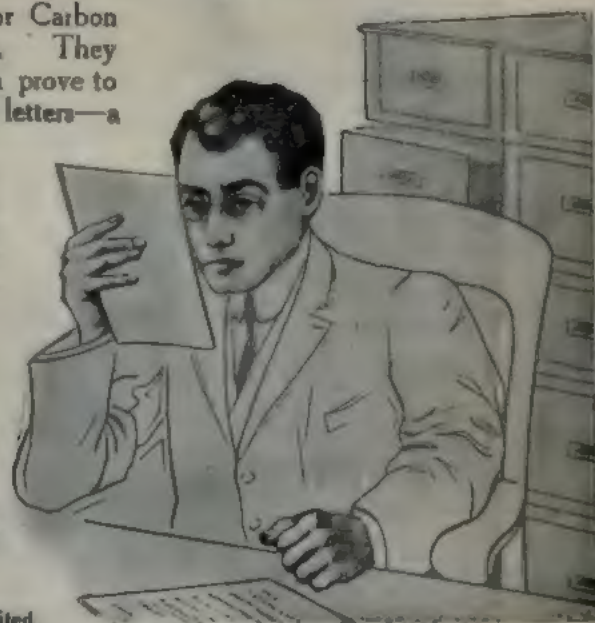
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is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

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ing his face with a decadent rodent. Stable Mick gave away old John's secret of running a rat ranch and thereafter the squeakers waxed strong and fat until routed by ferrets and terrier. Seattle is hounding the bubonic rats. Seven of them landed recently from a ship. All vessels are now being searched, but so wise is the rat, so unerring in his judgment, so keen is his telepathic sense, that on the word of a press des-

patch, an army of rodents was observed not long since leaving the ship on a moonlight night, as she was about to dock at the great western town, and boarding another which was weaving her way out of port.

CAPTAIN SHOCKING

A BUSINESS man has brought an action against an organ-grinder for wilfully causing annoyance. Prose-



Ask Your Grocer For
**Seal Brand
Coffee**

—use it for breakfast to-mor-row — and note the satisfied smile as your husband enjoys his morning cup.

Chase & Sanborn, Montreal.

145



cutor found it impossible to dictate his letters to his stenographer while the Italiano was churning out "melodies" under his window.

Imagine the shyness which would pervade the whole being of a sensitive business man sitting by the side of a pretty girl dictating letters, while a rude piano under his window mockingly insinuates—

"And when I sleep, I always . . .

And his name was Bill, too !

"Besserheart"

By Helen Clark Balmer

THIS is not the title of a recently-exhumed Egyptian mummy, but the pet name of a dear little four-year-old's favorite doll.

How well I recall the distinct visual shock when my eyes first encountered the battered features of this modern idoll! For, indeed, Besserheart closely resembled a heathen war-god or a miniature totem-pole. I made her acquaintance on the occasion of a "Doll Show," which was given for charity, where her small mistress had innocently and confidently presented her for honors; and certainly Besserheart, as I remember her, was an object for charitable consideration. But the unimaginative manager of that unique exhibition hesitated about accepting so dubious a being among the becurled and heribboned beauties that were rapidly accumulating on her hands. However, a quick-witted assistant with an eye to increasing the funds, solved the difficulty by making a new class where competitors for ugliness might be entered. Thus Besserheart had the distinction of creating a demand for dilapidated and passé specimens of dollkind. Apparently every nursery was ransacked for these queer "skeletons in closets," and the result was a brave collection of "freaks" in every stage of dolorous decline, their very unloveliness giving one that sensation of cumulative surprise which makes an inward agony of laughter. But none outdid Besserheart, who was, in herself, a complete crescendo of hideousness. It required time before I could calmly study her; and what I then saw was a dirty waxen face tattooed in an impressionistic manner suggestive of small finger-nails, while a wisp of hair stood upright in a style to delight a Comanche scalp-hunter; the snubbed nose was clumsily pieced out with chewing-gum; and, in lieu of an accommodating mouth, an empty eye-socket seemed to be the opening through which such dainties as pins and buttons were thrust for slow digestion. No wonder that her solitary eye had a hard glint and, like



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Jack Bunsby's, saw something this side of Greenland!

With shorter arms than the Venus de Milo; one leg gone at the knee, and the other hanging by a few threads to a body, limp from loss of sawdust and airily attired in a single garment, whose condition was "of the earth, earthy"—Besserheart was photographed upon my memory.

If she could be said to have expression, it ought to have been called "tired," for the utter lack of atmosphere caused the outlines to be deepened into a blasé homeliness. I began to pity her; and glancing across the room at a rainbow-tinted group of new dollies blandly smiling into an unknown future, other changes, not so obviously wrought by certain small fingers, came to mind; and Besserheart assumed a softer aspect while a mist of happy yesterdays wrapped her in friendly cloudiness. And then a tiny warm hand slipped into mine, even as a contented little voice chattered about the many handsome dolls with their wonderful clothes! There was never a hint of jealousy nor consciousness that her own darling was not so attractive or desirable; because, no doubt, the spotlessly clean creatures were objects not to be handled with all the loving familiarity of her old, long-suffering favorite.

How glad I was when the awarding of prizes gave a medal to Besserheart! although I almost resented the fact that she won it by reason of being, in the minds of the astute judges, "positively the ugliest doll they ever saw!"

Uncle Sam's Eagle Eye

"UNCLE SAM" is a very paternal uncle indeed. A young army officer who has seen service on the Arizona plains and on the Maine coast and in Cuba, tells two stories out of his own experience, to show the accuracy with which the War Department follows the movements of officers.

"I was with a small scouting party in Arizona," he says, "and after two weeks in the desert my squad came to the railroad near a small station. Within ten minutes a dispatch from Washington was brought to me by the station agent. It asked if I wished to be transferred to one of the two new artillery regiments then forming.

"I answered by telegraph that I should be glad to enter either of them. Then we set off again across the desert.

"It was six days later when we again struck the railroad, this time eighty miles from the point at which we had previously crossed it. But my reply from the department was awaiting me. It had been telegraphed to every

Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up, and become enlarged.

Begin to-night to use this treatment

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a lump of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres of the nose pores so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently*. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and cause them to contract until they are inconspicuous.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment. Try Woodbury's also for general toilet use. See what a delightful feeling it gives your skin.

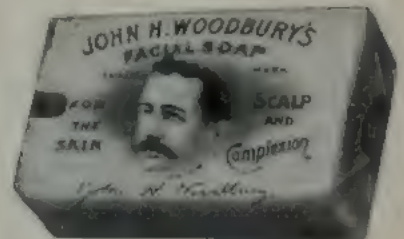
Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian dealers from coast to coast including Newfoundland.

Write to-day to the Woodbury Canadian Factory for samples.

For 4c we will send a sample Cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write to-day to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 111a Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



station within two hundred miles.

"A more striking instance of accuracy occurred after my transfer to the East. I was traveling home on leave, and as the regulations require, I had notified the department of the day, hour and probable route of my journey. After I had been on the train for eight hours, at a small station the porter entered with a telegram, asking if any one of my name was present. On opening the dispatch, I found that it was

from the adjutant-general's office, ordering me on detached duty.

"Exactness of detail could not be carried much farther. The department knew the whereabouts of an insignificant second lieutenant, even when he was traveling on leave of absence."

The usual British idea of the methods of the American army is not at all in accordance with this incident, and it is interesting to note its significance.

LIQUID GRANITE

The Varnish That Makes It Easy to Keep Floors Clean

This wonderfully durable varnish protects and keeps beautiful your hardwood floors and linoleum under the severest use. Mopping and scrubbing won't hurt floors finished with Liquid Granite. It gives a smooth, glossy surface, so tough and elastic that soap and water won't dim its lustre or lessen its hardness or wearing qualities.

An Ideal Finish for Linoleum

Liquid Granite gives perfect protection to wood floors, linoleum and oil cloth, besides being the best varnish to put on. It is easily applied, dries quickly and lasts for years.

It is especially good for floors where wear is excessive, such as halls, kitchens and pantries. Liquid Granite keeps your linoleum from showing that worn, faded appearance common with unvarnished floors or those finished with an inferior product.

**BERRY
BROTHERS
VARNISHES**

Other Berry Brothers finishes are Luxeberry White Enamel, unequalled for bedrooms, bathrooms, etc. Luxeberry Wood Finish, for interior wood-work; Luxeberry Spar Varnish, for wood exposed to severe outside wear.

Fifty-five years' of experience stand as the guarantee of these finishes.

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Price, . . . 75 cents.

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TORONTO . . . ONT.

Sense and Nonsense

Light boxes or water torches, which will float on the water and give a great flare of light for an hour, are the latest application of the modern chemical marvel, calcium carbide. In Paris such light boxes are being sold for use as fireworks at celebrations, but in Germany they have been developed much further.

Cylinders of the calcium carbide are fired from guns like ordinary shells, so that a ship can surround itself with a circle of great flare-lights, each burning at three thousand candle power for an hour. When the cylinders strike the water they sink slowly and water seeps into the carbide. This generates gas and brings the cylinders back to the surface; and then an automatic device lights the gas.

An old captain and his mate went into a restaurant near the docks and ordered dinner. The waiter placed a plate of curious liquid before them.

"I say, young fellow, what's this stuff?" shouted the captain.

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.

"Soup?" shouted the old sea dog. "Soup, Bill" (turning to the mate), "just think of that! Here you and me have been sailing on soup all our lives, an' never knowed it till now!"

Directive heaters have now appeared for electric heating in homes as a supplement to regular heating systems on cold days, or on chilly days of the fall and spring when ordinary heating systems are not in use. The new heaters appear much like the little electric heaters that have become well known lately, but they have the added quality of largely directing heat to one spot. Accordingly, if a person wishes to warm his feet he can direct all the power of the heater to his feet. Parabolic metal mirrors are used on much the same principle as a searchlight.

Gladstone, when a boy, was visiting in the country and the farmer was showing him around. Coming to a field that contained a large black bull, the farmer said: "There's a fine, strong bull there, Master William, and it's only two years old."

"How do you tell its age?" queried the boy.

"Why, by its horns," said the farmer.

"By its horns?" Young Gladstone looked thoughtful a moment, then his face cleared. "Ah, I see. Two horns—two years."

Gabe-Smith seems to be a busy man.

Steve—Yes, he has hives, prickly heat, hay fever and a favorite team in five different baseball leagues."